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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

CANADA BANK NOTE COMPANY, LIMITED,
MONTREAL.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS, CANADA.



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.

Intercolonial System,	891 Miles.
Eastern Extension System,	80 "
Prince Edward Island System,	210 "
Total,	1,181 "

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Minister of Railways and Canals, OTTAWA.

COLLINGWOOD SCHREIBER,
Chief Engineer and General Manager Canadian Government Railways,
OTTAWA.

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JOSEPH UNSWORTH,	Mechanical Superintendent and General Storekeeper.

Mar. 1978.

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A PROSCENIUM BOW.

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THAT which we call a preface by any other name might tell us much. To be candid at the outset, this is really a preface ; but the glittering bait of another title has been affixed, in order to induce the public to read it.

A book intended for the information of tourists is usually either a mass of dry facts and figures, or a collection of elaborate lies. In the following pages an effort has been made to find a medium between the two, and to avoid alike the monotony of the statistical bore and the mendacity of the colonization agent. This book is not intended for a cyclopedia or a gazetteer. The historian and statistician were abroad when the work was begun, and up to the hour of going to press had not returned. Their works are for sale by the leading publishers, and are more reliable than any epitome can possibly be. No family should be without them, but the traveller can suit his own taste.

What the writer has aimed at is a brief account of the country traversed by the Intercolonial Railway, and of some of the chief places of interest along the line. The design is to give the pleasure-seeker, the fisherman and the sportsman an idea of the places where their respective wants may be supplied. This work is necessarily a condensation of material which would suffice to fill a volume ; and as there has been barely space enough to tell the truth, the statements may be accepted as tolerably correct. For a like reason no attempt has been made to become enthusiastic, and the scenes described will usually be found to more than realize the accounts of their various attractions.

As comparatively few people ever read a preface, the foregoing remarks would be omitted were it not that there are some who invariably do read a preface, and who would be annoyed if a book did not contain one. If this be found lacking in the elements which a preface ought to possess, a more lengthy, solemn and conventional one will be prefixed to the next edition.

W. KILBY REYNOLDS.

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SOMETHING ABOUT EXCURSIONS.

AMERICA is a land of humorists, and the exceeding humor of its people shines forth in their habits of life. Life was made to be enjoyed, and they enjoy it whether the sun shines or not. Not that they are an idle people, for they are notoriously the reverse, but that they pass through ordeals which would test even the jollity of Mark Tapley, and profess themselves delighted amid their afflictions. In other words, a man of business will work hard for ten or eleven months of the year, and then, with the idea that he needs rest and recreation, will put himself and his family through a course of sprouts fearful to contemplate. This course of sprouts is humorously termed a fashionable pleasure excursion. It consists in a season of preparation and packing, of a setting forth "to join the innumerable caravan," and of several weeks of wretched unrest amid the dust, heat, crush and confusion of some popular resort where it is the correct thing for everyone to go. There is no little humor in all this. They seek freedom from restraint, and go to a vortex of fashion; they seek quiet, and are mingled in a Babel; they seek rest, and at the close of each day are ready to drop with fatigue. Gasping amid crowds on the hottest days, packed in overflowing hotels during the sultry nights, swindled by hackmen, bored by guides, pestered by humbugs, tormented by flies—crushed, wilted, worried, driven half mad—they, with infinite humor, term all this, pleasure!

Amid such a scene, while lying half-stifled in a small but high-priced cell, near the eaves of some large but well crowded hotel, the wearied traveller kicks the drapery of his couch from around him and lies down to troubled dreams. Amid them come visions of a land which lies by the sea and is fanned by cooling breezes from the ocean. In this land are green hills, shady groves and fertile valleys. From the distant mountains the crystal brooks come leaping with the music of gladness, and join with noble rivers in whose clear waters dwell lordly salmon and scarce less lordly trout. Near at hand are forests, as yet so little disturbed that the moose, caribou and bear, now and again visit the farm-yards of the adjacent settlements, and gaze in bewildered surprise at the man whose hand is raised to slay them. Along the shore, for hundreds of miles, lie land-locked harbors where even the frail bark canoe may float in safety, yet upon the waters of the ocean; and upon the smooth sand beaches of which even a child may venture into the buoyant salt-water and fear not. In this country is scenery at times of sweet pastoral simplicity; at times of sublime grandeur. It is a land where civilization has made its way, and yet not marred the beauty of Nature. It is a country where the traveller sated with an excess of conventional "excursions" will find much that is novel, much that will charm, and much that will ever remain to him as a sweet remembrance of a pleasant clime.

"Ah!" sighs the dreamer, "would that such a lot were mine. Such places there may be, but where are they? My guide books tell not of them. To find them, one must abandon the comforts of daily life, go far beyond reach of daily mails and telegrams, become isolated from the busy world, and live hundreds of miles from the confines of civilization.

Not so. You have perhaps been down the St. Lawrence as far as Quebec, from which, as the *Ultima Thule* of your excursion, you returned to your home. Take your map and trace that line which leads from Quebec down the St. Lawrence, across to New Brunswick, and down its coast to Nova Scotia, where it ends at the City of Halifax. To the east and west arms reach out to Pictou and St. John, and another branch traverses Prince Edward Island. This is the Intercolonial Railway, one of the most substantially constructed and best equipped lines in the world. It runs through hundreds of miles of just such a country as has been mentioned. Pleasure and sport may be enjoyed in numberless places and yet the traveller will be within the reach of daily mails and the telegraph, and may live like a prince at a very moderate outlay. It is the land for which you have sighed; try it and be convinced. Ho, for Quebec and the provinces by the sea.

QUEBEC.

We are within the walls of one of the most notable cities of America—one of the most famous places in the world. There are cities which are more fair to look upon; there are some which the mere pleasure seeker esteems more highly; and there are many which have distanced it in the march of progress. There is but one Quebec,—old, quaint and romantic,—the theatre which has witnessed some of the grandest scenes in the dramas played by nations.

The story of Quebec is recorded in history, but no historian can do justice to the theme. From the day when the fleet of the intrepid Cartier cast anchor on these shores, down to the hour when the last gun was fired in anger from yon batteries, the story is a romance which fiction cannot surpass. What scenes of hope and fear, of deep patience, undaunted courage and unflagging zeal, have these old rocks witnessed. What dreams of ambition, what bold projects for the Glory of God and the honor of France, have here been cherished. Hither, from across the sea, came heroes. Some sought fame, and found nameless graves; some grasped for wealth, and miserably perished; while some, animated solely by a zeal for the cross, won martyrs' crowns in the distant wilderness. For a century and a half the banner of France waved on this rocky height. Priest, soldier and citizen had followed the "star of empire" to the western world and found themselves in another France, of which Quebec was to be the Paris, and within the vast territories of which should arise a mighty nation. Here was the seat of the power of France in America; within these walls were held the Councils of State; and from these rocks went forth the edicts for the temporal and spiritual guidance of the people.

For nearly a century and a quarter the English flag has floated over the citadel, but the language, customs and religion of France remain. The Vandalism of modern improvement has not spoiled the features of Quebec. Some of the old historic buildings are gone, but many remain. We may still view the solid masonry of two centuries ago. We may stand where the people of the Ancient Capital stood to praise God for deliverance from the invaders; we may linger amid the shadows of the old cathedral, among rare old paintings by master hands, and think of the days when these walls echoed the *Te Deums* for the victories of France. We may roam through queer, crooked streets, and enter quaint old houses, in the dark corners of which we almost look for ghosts to come to us from the by-gone centuries. Everywhere may be found something to interest a mind given to contemplation. Of all the French settlements in Canada, Quebec best retains its ancient form. The hand of Time has swept away the ruins of Port Royal, and the grass grows over what was once the well nigh impregnable Louisbourg; but Quebec remains, and will remain, the Niobe of the cities of France in the western world. Here

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QUEBEC.

lives Europe in America ; here the past and the present meet together ; here the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries jostle each other in the narrow streets.

Everyone visits the citadel, and everyone is impressed with the wonderful natural advantages of the position. Had Montcalm remained within these walls, the courage of Wolfe would have been displayed in vain. As it was, fifteen minutes changed the destiny of New France, and made two names inseparable and immortal. Ascend a bastion and the panorama of the St. Lawrence and its shores is simply superb. Here one could sit for hours

“ And come and come again,
That he might call it up when far away.”

To see the places usually visited outside of Quebec one may employ a carter to advantage. There are plenty of them, and some of the local guide books give them a high character for honesty, but the safe course is to make an agreement as to price before starting, which agreement is arrived at by a species of Dutch auction, commencing at the figures named by the carter and bidding down until a fair price is reached. The more carters there are present the more interest is attached to the proceedings, and the better chance there is of a good bargain. The men as a rule, are cheerful and obliging, so much so, that when you trust to them as guides they will tell you more than the historian and geographer ever dreamed of in their philosophy. If stopping at the St. Louis, Russell House or Florence Hotels—all good houses—carters can be procured at the offices.

Outside of the city you will drive to the Plains of Abraham and picture out the scene of that eventful morning in September a century and a quarter ago. The inscription on one side of Wolfe's monument is as graphic and expressive as any sentence in the English language ; “ Here died Wolfe victorious ! ” It speaks volumes in the compass of a breath ; it is sublime in its brevity.

Many are the pleasant drives around Quebec, varying from one mile to many in length. Many, also, are the toll-gates which bar the way until five cents' worth of open sesame procures a passage through. Some travellers consider these a nuisance, but all get accustomed to them at last, and feel lonely when they get back to the city, where there are none. So long as they exist, no enemy can steal a march upon the Ancient Capital.

Let those who love a scene of tranquil beauty go at the close of a day in summer, or autumn, to the Dufferin Terrace and linger during the long twilight of the evening. The heat and glare of the day have passed away, and a gentle breeze comes from the river. The last rays of the setting sun are gilding the hill on the shores beyond, while the line of the distant mountains is blending with the sky. For miles and miles the eye follows the river as it flows in silent grandeur to the sea. Distant sails seem like the white wings of sea birds, while “ day in melting purple dying,” lulls the mind into a dreamy calmness. The shadows deepen. The lights of Levis begin to cluster ; the houses in the Lower Town are becoming more ghostly in the gathering darkness ; a sound of soft music comes from an open casement. We are on historic ground. Here stood the stately Castle of St. Louis, where for two hundred years the French and English rulers held their court. Its glory departed amid a whirlwind of fire. Far below we can trace the outline of a street. It is Champlain Street. How black it looks ; it reminds us of the darkness of that winter morning, long ago, when Richard Montgomery and his men rushed through it to their death. Everywhere around us have the horrors of the war been felt ; and to-night all is so peaceful that the thought of war seems out of harmony with the scene. The bells from the shipping in the harbor sound musically through the quiet air ; the plaintive notes of the bugle are borne to us from the citadel ; and the flash and roar of the evening gun tells of night fallen upon the ancient Capital.

Poets have sung of Quebec, but it is a poem of itself which no language can express ; its memories linger in the mind, like the sweet remembrance of harmonious music heard in the years long passed away.

LEVIS, AND BEYOND.

Across the broad river to Levis, and we are ready for our railway journey. If the time can be spared, a drive should be taken on the heights, for it is from these that Quebec, its harbor, the river and the surrounding country can be seen to best advantage. Here, also, can be seen additional evidences of the solicitude of England for the safety of her colonies. Fortifications, of which the cost is reckoned by millions, command every point of land and water for miles. Peace has reigned here since they were built, but they are ready for the evil hour, should it ever come.

Having seen what there is of interest around this part of the St. Lawrence, including the Chaudière Falls, the traveller surrenders himself to the comforts of the Intercolonial. From Pointe Levis Station, where connection is made with the Grand Trunk Railway and with the steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company from Montreal, a ride of one mile brings him to Levis Station, where passengers from Quebec City and the Canadian Pacific Railway take the train. The railway then skirts the shore closely for a few miles till Harlaka, the point of junction with the Quebec Central Railway, is reached. As the train gradually rises along the cliffs from the level of the water to this point, a magnificent panoramic view is had of Quebec City, the shipping in the harbour, the Falls of Montmorenci, the Island of Orleans and the great expanse of the River St. Lawrence. Passing, onward, the eye catches sight of one after another of the typical French villages, where the habitants live in peaceful quiet, little disturbed by the advent of strangers. Some of these villages are prettily situated and possess local traditions of more or less interest. Among these is Rivière Ouelle, which takes its name from the tragedy of which Madame Houel was the heroine, in the days when the Iroquois roamed upon the shores. The Abbé Casgrain tells the story under the title of "La Jongleuse," and mentions that the tracks of snow shoes, imprinted on the rocks of the beach, are to be seen defying the action of wind and wave. The imprints of human feet and hands in the rock were formerly visible, but have now disappeared.

Ste. Anne, one of several places of that name, is the seat of a convent of Grey Nuns and a college which will accommodate about 300 students.

Kamouraska is reached from St. Paschal Station, and is the first summer resort of note after leaving Quebec. A drive of about five miles from the station brings one to the village, beautifully situated on the shore. The native population is about 1,200, but the summer months see a large increase in the number of residents. Good accommodations may be had at the St. Louis Hotel, as well as at private houses. The place is well patronized by visitors during the season, and is growing in favor. Governors Morris and Macdonald, and other well-known public men, have been among those seeking recreation and rest in this pleasant nook. The natural advantages, as a watering-place, are admirable. The beach is a fine one and well sheltered. Bathing here is a luxury. A little distant from the shore are a number of picturesque islands, around which pleasure boats glide, and upon which are the resorts of picnic parties. The situation of Kamouraska is all that can be desired.

Twenty miles below is the village of Notre Dame du Portage, deriving its name from the fact that the portage across to New Brunswick, a distance of about 26 miles, was formerly made from this point. The village is six miles from Rivière du Loup by rail, and connection is also had by a good carriage road. It is a retired spot, resorted

to by families who are fond of a quiet vacation, but having a fine beach and good bathing is well worthy of a more extended fame. Those who have passed their summers amid its beauties have much to say in its praise.

RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

Here is a place not to be passed by under the impression that its chief beauties are to be seen from the car windows. It is a village of considerable importance, with a well established reputation as a summer resort, and is in many respects a most convenient place for the tourist. It is a centre from which one may go to various points, either on the St. Lawrence or back into the woods where game and fish abound, making this the head-quarters for the deposit of luggage and the receipt of mail matter. The full title of the place is Rivière du Loup, *en bas*, the affix being given to distinguish it from another village of the same name, *en haut*. As the two are two or three hundred miles apart, the distinction has not always been very clear to strangers. This is however, the Rivière du Loup to which letters are sent in the absence of any qualifying words. The portion of the village near the water is termed Fraserville, in honor of the Fraser family, in whom the Seigneurial Rights were vested, after the conquest of Canada in the last century.

Situated near the confluence of the Rivière du Loup and the St. Lawrence, and being directly on the shore of the latter, the place abounds in picturesque scenery of all kinds. Near the railway the smaller river makes a descent of more than 200 feet, by a succession of falls which make their way through a gorge over which high and precipitous rocks stand sentinel. In the vicinity, "hills peep o'er hills," clothed in all the varying hues of green, while toward the St. Lawrence the open country, sprinkled with well-finished houses, makes a pleasing contrast to the rugged aspect of the land which lies in the rear. Upon the shore a glorious prospect is open to the view. Here the estuary begins to widen in its journey to the sea, and the mountains on the northern shore, a score of miles away, stand out in bold relief against the clear blue sky. Upon the waters just far enough away to "lend enchantment to the view," are the white-winged argosies of commerce, bearing the flags of every maritime nation. At times, a long, low shape on the waves and a long, slender cloud floating lazily away marks the path of the ocean steamship. Nearer the shore are smaller craft of all sizes and shapes—fishers, traders and seekers after pleasure. If one longs to join them, a boat is at hand and soon is dancing on the gentle billows, while the sea-birds skim the waters in their circling flights, and the solemn-eyed *loup-marin* rises near at hand, vanishes and rises again, as if sent by Neptune to demand the stranger's errand. It was from these creatures, say some, that the river derived its name, rather than from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest. It is more pleasant to think so, at all events.

The waters around us abound in all kinds of creatures, great and small. The chief of these is the white whale, the *Beluga Borealis*, which is usually, but erroneously, termed the white porpoise. Its length is from fourteen to twenty-two feet, and each carcass yields something over a hundred gallons of oil. This oil, when refined, is worth about a dollar a gallon, and as there is no scarcity of the creatures, the fishery might be made a very valuable one. The halibut and sturgeon come next in order of size, after them the salmon and then all the small fish common to this latitude.

Returning to the shore, if the day is bright and warm, the long line of smooth beach, abounding in cosy nooks and corners, invites a bath. The adjective "warm" is the correct one for this part of the continent in the summer, it being a relative term which denotes an absence of cold without an excess of heat. It is never hot here. The days when coats, collars and cuffs become a burden and humanity wilts in the shade are

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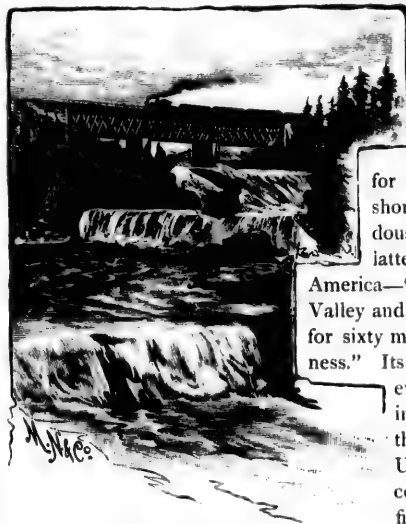
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unknown on these shores. The rays of the midsummer sun are tempered by gentle breezes, which invigorate the system, and a gambol amid the waters causes a degree of exhilaration which once enjoyed is not soon forgotten.

Among the more prominent people who have spent the summer months at Rivière du Loup, may be mentioned Lord Dufferin. It is not recorded that he spoke of the scenery as "the finest in Canada," though there are about twenty-five different places of which it is claimed that he made that remark, but he did express himself pleased with the place. The views are charming, the walks and drives varied and beautiful, the bathing facilities are excellent, while the shooting and fishing in the vicinity afford ample recreation to the enthusiasts of the gun and rod.



RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.

Steamers call at the wharf daily, during the summer, and afford an admirable chance for seeing the places of note on the northern shore, chief among which are Murray Bay, Tadousac and the famed Saguenay River. The latter is one of the most remarkable places in America—"a tremendous chasm, like that of the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea," says Bayard Taylor, "cleft for sixty miles through the heart of a mountain wilderness." Its waters, black and Stygian, have vast depths everywhere, while the walls of rock tower aloft in majestic gloom which impresses the most thoughtless mind with a deep sense of awe. Up this strange river one may ascend to Chicoutimi, the head of navigation, about sixty-five miles from the mouth, calling at Ha! Ha! Bay. Tadousac, at the mouth of the river, is

an old and historic settlement, and contains the ruins of the oldest church in Canada. This was another of the favorite resorts of Lord Dufferin and a number of others, Americans as well as Canadians, have handsome summer residences here. Murray Bay, about ninety miles below Quebec, is another spot where the wild and majestic scenery may be enjoyed. Numbers resort there during the summer, from various cities of Canada, many having villas built for their use during the season.

Returning to Rivière du Loup by the steamer, one may in certain conditions of the atmosphere, observe a singular mirage among the islands between that place and Kamouraska, an occurrence which must have been regarded with no small amount of superstitious awe by the Indians of the earlier days. All the Lower St. Lawrence is full of beauty and abounds in historical reminiscences and traditions. Those who have taste for such things should read the writings of LeMoine, Faucher, Casgrain, Taché and Buies, all of which are worthy of perusal.

FORESTS AND STREAMS.

Taking Rivière du Loup as a centre, the sportsman has a field only limited by his time and inclination to shoot and fish. Nature has been prodigal in her gifts, and though Indians and their white brothers have made sore havoc among the creatures of the woods, in the past, enough remain to employ the hunter for generations to come. In one respect, however, an unbridled license to kill has had its effect. Once the moose,

king of the North American forest, roamed these woods in vast herds. Had they been shot only for the purposes of food, or in the way of legitimate sport, they would have been plenty at this day. Unsparing hands spread destruction among them for the sake of gain, and drove them to more distant haunts.

The caribou, game fit for any sportsman, are still to be found in large numbers. The season for them, in this Province, extends from the first of September to the first of February; and they are to be found almost anywhere between St. Alexandre and Campbellton, within a short distance of the railway track. In some places this distance would be two, and in others ten miles. Of course, skill, experience and good guides, are necessary to find them at all times; but a sportsman who understands his business, and who goes to the right locality, need not be surprised if he bring down as many as twenty in a fortnight's hunt. To accomplish this, he must be prepared for his work and be ready to stand some fatigue. From Rivière du Loup he can set out in a variety of directions for grounds which are known to be good, and where caribou are particularly abundant. One of these is in the direction of Temiscouata Lake, 38 miles distant, and over an easy highway. Here is a sportsman's paradise, amid scenery of the most beautiful description, the forest abounding in game and the lakes and rivers teeming with fish. Here one may live for weeks, and never weary in his absence from the busy haunts of men.

All the forest to the south of this part of the railway affords good sport. The sportsman can take his choice of going a long or short distance. The back country of Maine can be easily reached from St. Alexandre, or one may go twenty miles from Rivière du Loup and find the St. Francis River, and follow it to the St. John. From Elgin Road, or L'Islet, the head waters of the Restigouche and Miramichi may be reached. All these are in the midst of happy hunting grounds.

Some of the best caribou hunting is to be had among the Shickshocks Mountains, in Gaspé. This is the land of the caribou. In the depths of the wilderness, amid mountains nearly 4,000 feet high, and surrounded by scenery of the most wild and rugged character, is an abundance of rare sport. This has been one of the resorts of Lord Dunraven, who has, indeed, hunted in all parts of the country, meeting with excellent success. On his last hunt, he started as many as forty-one caribou in three days. Of these he and his party killed fifteen. H. R. H. Prince Arthur during his visit, in 1869, engaged in a successful hunting expedition in these forests. They have also been visited by Count Turenne and other eminent sportsmen.

Other game may be had for the seeking. Bears sometimes make their appearance when least looked for and often make lively episodes in the sportsman's journey. In August 1879, Hon. W. W. Thomas, of Portland, Me., had a narrow escape at one of the Squatook Lakes, not far from the Temiscouata. If he had not floored the bear, the bear would have floored him, but the gun proved true and a brilliant victory was the result.

Partridge are very numerous. When a weak or lazy man goes after them he has to take some one with him to carry the load home. So plentiful are they near Rivière du Loup, that Wm. Fraser, Esq., the present Seigneur, shot as many as fifty-four in one day, killing fourteen of them without moving out of his tracks. To him who has carried a gun mile after mile for a whole day and been proud to exhibit one unfortunate bird as his trophy, this may appear like a tough story. Nevertheless it is true. The man who goes after partridges in this vicinity does not have to sneak home by a back road to avoid the chaff of his neighbors for his bad luck. He stalks along with pride in his face and a load on his back, and is only vexed that the spectacle is too common to excite wonder.

Around the shores, geese, brant and ducks of all kinds are found in immense flocks

in the fall and spring. Isle Verte and Kamouraska are, in particular, favorite resorts for this kind of game, and hundreds may be shot with ease.

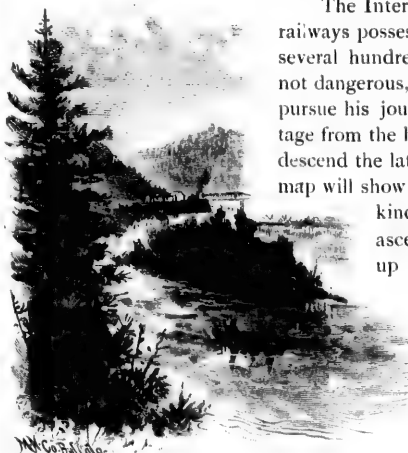
Much that has been said in regard to the hunting in the vicinity of Rivière du Loup will apply to the country along the next two hundred miles, or until after the boundary of New Brunswick has been passed. Rivière du Loup has not been singled out as the only place, but simply as a sample of what very many are like as regards their surroundings, and to avoid a reiteration of the same facts in connection with each place. A similar course is taken in regard to some of the features of the fishing.

This is a land of fish, and such fish! One may eat them at every meal on his journey through the country. Halibut, salmon, herring and smelt from the St. Lawrence, and salmon, tuladi, sea, brook and lake trout from the waters that are tributary to it. Salmon are found in nearly all the rivers, and the majority of the streams are leased by the Government to individuals. It is not difficult, however, for a stranger to obtain permission to fish for them. Trout are found in all the rivers and lakes and are free to all comers. The usual size of those in the lakes is from five to six pounds; the river trout run from three to four pounds. All the trout of this region are very "gamy," and afford abundant sport. In the lakes is also found the tuladi, which seems identical with the togue of Northern Maine and New Brunswick. Specimens have been caught weighing as much as forty pounds each, or as large as a good sized salmon. The average size in Temiscouata Lake is 27 pounds. It has indeed been confounded with the lake salmon of Switzerland, and with others of the salmon family of Europe, but it appears to be identical with no one of them. It is usually very fat, and very reserved—not to say lazy. It lurks and lies in the deep waters of the deep lakes, as if given to contemplation rather than the gratification of appetite. For all that, it is a voracious creature and does approach the surface in the cool of the morning and evening. It does not rise to the fly, but may be taken by trolling. It is good eating, though less delicate than either trout or salmon.

Nearly all lakes are free to fishers, for all kinds of fish.

CANOE AND PADDLE.

The Intercolonial has one feature which few, if any, railways possess to the same extent. For a distance of several hundred miles it is intersected by navigable, but not dangerous, rivers. By these natural highways one may pursue his journey far into the interior, make a short portage from the head-waters of one to those of another and descend the latter to the line of railway. A glance at the map will show what ample opportunities there are for this kind of recreation. Leaving the railway and ascending one river, coming down another and up another, spending days among the lakes, fishing, shooting, enjoying life to the utmost, one is as much in the wilderness as if thousands of miles away. Yet all this time he knows that, if necessary, a few hours will bring him to the railway, the mail and the telegraph—to communication with the busy world. He may leave the railway on the shores of the



W. G. S. 1869

CAUSAPSCAL.

St. Lawrence and make a canoe voyage to the Baie des Chaleurs or the Bay of Fundy. When he arrives at his destination he will find his luggage and his letters awaiting him. The route may be varied and the voyage prolonged as may suit the voyageur's taste. Particularly good fishing may be had at Lakes St. Francis and Temiscouata and on the Toleda River; but on such a trip one can fish and hunt everywhere as he goes. In the Temiscouata region alone one may make a canoe voyage for at least eighty miles, and if he chooses can by portaging from one river to another descend the great Miramichi to the ocean. Portages can be made so as to reach any of the three great rivers of New Brunswick, the Miramichi, Restigouche or St. John. In fact, the whole country is open to any man who can sit in a canoe and ply a paddle.

CACOUNA.

Rushing along on the express on a winter day one catches sight of a way station, 6 miles below Rivière du Loup. There does not appear to be much of a settlement in the vicinity, and, altogether, the attractions seem few and far between. Strangers inquire if this be Cacouna, of which they have heard so much! Well, it is, and it is not. It is one end of it, and serves as a foil to make the beauties of the other end the more apparent when one gets there.

Cacouna is papilionaceous. If the proof-reader sees that the compositor does not murder the foregoing select adjective, the public will grasp the situation at a glance. In the summer it spreads its wings and is jubilant; its shores are thronged by the votaries of pleasure; boats dance upon the water; the gay and festive dance upon the land; there is music in the air, and brightness everywhere. In the winter, it subsides into an ordinary village; the natives sit alongside of two-story stoves and dream of the coming summer; empty houses abound; and the great hotel is abandoned to silence, to darkness and to Peter Donnegan.

Everyone who says or writes anything about Cacouna considers that his inspiration is particularly happy when he terms it "the Saratoga of Canada." The place, has, however, an individuality which will allow the borrowed title to become extinct, and the name of "Cacouna" is enough. This is the great summer resort of the Lower St. Lawrence, and the population is numbered by thousands during the season. A graceful bay, with a beautiful beach of gray sand fronts the village. In the rear the land rises to a height sufficient to command a view across the broad river to where the sullen Saguenay makes its way through the mountains. Standing in a well-chosen position is the "St. Lawrence Hall" in which five hundred people can eat, drink and be merry during their stay. Scattered along the shore are private residences, for summer use, while numerous other houses are filled with summer boarders. The village is two miles from the railway station, and is also a place of call for the St. Lawrence steamers. Cacouna was one of the places visited by Prince Arthur, and was also visited by Lord Dufferin while Governor-General.

For those who wish to spend a summer at the sea-side, and yet enjoy the pleasures of society, Cacouna offers great attractions. Its hotel accommodation is excellent, the bathing, boating, etc., are all that can be desired, and all the conveniences of life are to be enjoyed. The sportsman will find good fishing and hunting; the lovers of excitement can find fascination in the horse-races; while the devoutly inclined will find not only the usual parish church, but, what is somewhat rare in this country, two Protestant churches as well. Cacouna is, in all respects, a well equipped watering-place.

LES HABITANTS DE LA NOUVELLE-FRANCE.

The railway and telegraph of the nineteenth century run through a country in which hundreds of people are to all intents and purposes in the seventeenth century. Not to their disrespect be this said, but as showing the tenacity with which they adhere to their language, manners and customs. The Canadian *habitants* are probably as conservative as any people on earth. Where innovations are thrust upon them by the march of progress they adapt themselves to the changes; but where they are left to themselves they are happy in the enjoyment of the life their fathers led, and are vexed by no restless ambition to be other than they have been. Their wants are simple and easily supplied; they live peaceful and moral lives; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. By nature light-hearted and vivacious, they are Optimists without knowing it. Inured to the climate, they find enjoyment in its most rigorous seasons. French in all their thoughts, words and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown, and contented under British rule. Their ancient laws are secured to them by solemn compact; and their language and religion are landmarks which will never be moved. In places where the English have established themselves, some of the *habitants* understand the English language, but none of them adopt it as their own. The mingling of races has a contrary effect, and the English tongue must yield to the French. There are many Englishmen in Quebec whose children do not understand a word of their father's native tongue; but there are no Frenchmen whose children are ignorant of the language of France.

A traveller is very favorably impressed by the manners of the country people. Many of them are in very humble circumstances; books are to them a sealed mystery; and their circumstances of life are not such as are supposed to conduce to refinement of manners. Yet everywhere the stranger meets with courtesy, and finds the evidence of true politeness—not mere ceremonial politeness, but that which is dictated by sincerity and aims at the accomplishment of a stranger's wishes as a matter of duty. Where one does not understand the language they will take great trouble to comprehend his meaning; where he can speak even indifferent French, he can make himself perfectly at home.

The railway runs through the land of the French Canadian, until after the Metepediac is reached. Everywhere is seen the familiar church; no hamlet is too poor to have a good one. Should you seek the curé, you will find him a man whom it is a pleasure to meet—well informed, affable and full of the praises of the Lord in which he lives. The *habitants* have a sincere regard for their spiritual advisers, who are truly pastors to their people, and whose lives are devoted to the well-being of their flocks. They follow in the steps of the pioneer missionaries, whose heroic devotion in the past must forever be honored by men of every creed.

Leaving Cacouna, the next place of interest reached is Trois Pistoles, and it has a charm for the traveller at whatever hour of the day or night he may arrive. This consists in the Railway Dining-Room, which is a model of neatness and has a table fit to charm the most fastidious taste. One does not require to be very hungry to enjoy the viands of this place, which need not fear comparison with any in the country. Trois Pistoles village is prettily situated, and there is good lake and river fishing in the vicinity. Lake St. Simon, a beautiful sheet of water, deserves particular mention. The name of the village is derived either from three pistoles being originally given for a piece of land in the vicinity, or from a man losing that sum, or from a trade with the Indians in which that sum changed hands. The antiquarian can choose whichever of the three traditions seems most reasonable. There is no good authority for any one of them.

Eighteen miles more of a railway ride brings one to

BIC! BEAUTIFUL BIC!

You are in the air above it when you first catch sight of the village, with its harbor and islets. In order to get through this part of the country, the railway had to be carried around Bic mountain, and is in one place 150 feet above the post road. The mountain rises over the railway again for a height of 250 feet more. A vast amount of labor was expended on this part of the road. In some places the rock was blasted to a depth of eighty feet to allow space for the track to hug the mountain side. From this height a splendid view of the St. Lawrence is obtained, the estuary being about twenty-five miles wide and rapidly widening below until it merges with the world of waters. Was it not from the heights of Bic that anxious eyes watched the fleet of Wolfe, sailing quietly up the St. Lawrence on a fair day in June, long years ago? Nearer it came, and oh, joy! the vessels carried the flag of France. The long expected succour had come from beyond the sea. Every heart was filled with joy; swift messengers started to carry the glad news to Quebec. Suddenly the flag of the leading vessel was run down; a moment later and the flag of England streamed out to the breeze. It was the fleet of the enemy with thousands of soldiers destined to conquer Canada! Among the watchers on shore was a priest whose nerves had been strung to the utmost tension with joy. When the dread truth so suddenly burst upon him, Nature could bear no more, and he fell to the earth—dead!

Descending the mountain, Bic village is soon reached. It is one of the finest natural watering-places on the whole St. Lawrence. The mountains are around it, and it nestles at their feet amid the beauties of the scenery. There is more here than a mere stretch of shores. There is a harbor in which an ocean steamer may ride, a haven wherein vessels may hide from the wrath of the storm-king. Romantic isles lie amid the waters, and crags of rugged beauty rear their heads around the shores. Pleasant beaches tempt the bather; placid waters invite the boatman; and beauty everywhere summons the idler from his resting place to drive or ramble in its midst. The harbor is simply charming to one who first beholds it, and "time but the impression deeper makes." It never becomes monotonous; one never wearies of gazing upon it.

Long ago the French recognized the value of Bic and its harbor. Here they proposed to erect fortifications and maintain a naval station. England, too, found its value as a port when her men and munitions of war were landed here from the *Persia*, at the time of the Trent trouble. Since the completion of the railway, Bic has become better known than before. Lovers of beauty have located summer residences in the village, and year by year enjoy the summer breezes. Fishing is had in abundance; and if there were no fish, the streams winding their way among the hills, through all kinds of picturesque dells, would well repay full many a toilsome tramp.

No account of Bic would be complete without some reference to the story of *L'Ilet au Massacre*, one of the isles near the village. The tale is an old one. Donnacona told it to Jacques Cartier on his second visit to Canada, and it has been told in a great variety of forms ever since. The tradition is that a band of Micmacs, consisting of about two hundred men, women and children, heard of the approach of a party of hostile Iroquois and fled for concealment to the large cave on this island. The Iroquois discovered the place of retreat and laid siege to it, but met with an obstinate resistance. Finding themselves unable to dislodge the Micmacs by ordinary means, they advanced behind shields of boughs, carrying torches of bark, and by igniting all the dry wood in the vicinity compelled the enemy to come forth. A general massacre took place, in which all the Micmacs, save five, were slaughtered and their bones left to bleach upon the island.

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Here the narrative usually ends, but Mr. Taché, in his *Trois Légendes*, gives a sequel which, whether historically correct or not, gives a better dramatic effect and is more satisfactory to lovers of fair-play. He alleges that all who were in the cave were killed, and that the five said to have escaped were despatched, at the first alarm, a part to demand assistance from the friendly Malicites at Madawaska, and the others to act as scouts. Twenty-five Malicite warriors responded to the summons, but too late to prevent the massacre. They then, aided by their five allies, secretly followed the track of the Iroquois, and unseen themselves, dealt death among the party as it proceeded. The scouts had previously removed the canoes and provisions which the Iroquois had left in the woods, and so they marched, dying by the hand of an unseen foe and threatened with famine ere they could reach their own country. At length they reached the open woods, near Trois Pistoles River, feeble and discouraged. The band had shrunk to twenty-seven men. Finding traces of moose they began a hunt, and were led into an ambush by the foe, who burst upon them and killed all but six. These were made prisoners; one was tortured by the allies in the presence of the other five. The latter were then divided, and the Malicites carried their three to Madawaska. The Micmacs returned to Bic with their two, and tying them with their faces to the island, put them to death with their most ingenious torments. They then quitted Bic forever. Tradition has peopled the neighborhood with the ghosts of the slaughtered Micmacs, now dancing on the waters, now moaning among the crevices of the rocks, shrieking at times as with the agony of souls in pain.

Hattee Bay is another delightful spot, not far from Bic. The scenery, though not so impressive as that of the latter place, is very attractive. One of the features is a natural terrace, and the facilities for all kinds of exercise and recreation are abundant. A number of English families reside at this place, and it has many admiring visitors during the summer season.

RIMOUSKI.

Every one has heard of Rimouski, in connection with the arrival and departure of the ocean steamers. Here they call on their way out to receive mails and passengers, and on their way in to land them. A branch of the railway runs down to the landing place, at the end of a pier nearly a mile long, and a steamer is employed as a tender for the service. Lively work it is, sometimes, to get on board the outward-bound steamer when the weather is a little rough. Everyone gets aboard safely, however, and rather likes his experience after it is over.

Rimouski is no common-place village, but a town of something under 2,000 inhabitants. It is the shire-town of the county and the seat of the Bishop of the Diocese. Lawyers and clergymen are alike numerous; business of all kinds is carried on briskly; and there is a general appearance of thrift on every hand. Some of the buildings make a fine appearance, notably those devoted to religious uses. The Cathedral is a noble structure, while the Bishop's palace, convents, etc., are of a character in keeping with it. The Seminary, a fine structure, was, with much of value contained in it, destroyed by fire in April, 1881. The loss, about \$100,000, was largely made up by friends of education in various parts of the province, and another fine building now serves the purposes of the structure which was laid in ruins. The town, the full name of which is St. Germain de Rimouski, is thoroughly French in its characteristics, and though English is understood at the hotels, there are plenty of places of business where it is not. A stranger will have no trouble in getting along, however, and will find the place and the people equally agreeable. Fishing can be indulged in with good success. The Rimouski River

is one of the noted salmon streams, and has, of course, any quantity of trout. The scenery is fine all along the banks, up to the lake from which it flows, close to the New Brunswick boundary. From this lake only a short portage is necessary to reach the Quatawamkedgwick, which empties into the Restigouche. In the woods back of Rimouski, sport of all kinds awaits the hunter. Caribou are abundant and both gun and rod can be kept busy for weeks during the proper seasons. Speaking of fishing, a prominent gentleman informed the writer that at Seven Lakes, about 25 miles from the town, three men caught forty thousand trout in three days. As a man can fish, at most, for about fifteen hours a day, this made the remarkable average of nearly a thousand an hour. On an opinion being expressed that the catch was an unusually good one, and the best rod-fishing on record, the gentleman took a second thought and remembered that it was forty dozen, instead of thousands; this, though less marvelous, was not a bad exhibit either, and spoke well for the fishing of Rimouski. There are about fifty lakes, large and small, in the county. Salt-water fishing, boating and bathing may be had on the St. Lawrence, the shore being protected from the outside swells by the island of St. Barnabé, which lies opposite the town. This island has borne its name since early in the seventeenth century. It is about two miles long, contains a small lake, is well wooded, and is a favorite resort for picnic parties. It has its story, and Monseigneur Guay has preserved its details in his *Chronique de Rimouski*. An outline, with additions gleaned from other sources, will suffice here.

The fair land of Old France held no hearts more loving than were those of Toussaint Cartier and his betrothed Louise when the new year of 1723 dawned. Just turned of manhood, handsome in person, versed in knowledge of books and agreeable in manners, he was the envy of the lads of his native village. He had long known the beautiful Louise, and they had learned to love each other with a love surpassing the power of words to tell. She was the daughter of a rich father, who had pledged her at an early age to the profligate son of his rich neighbor. Toussaint was poor, and his poverty became a crime in the sight of the lucre-loving old father of the love-lisping Louise. The lovers had three courses open to them to overcome the difficulty. One was to break the engagement and return all letters, rings and photographs. This would have been dutiful on the part of Louise, but she failed to see it in that light. Another course was to engage the services of some popular assassin and bribe a coroner's jury to bring in a verdict of death by the visitation of Providence; and the third was to get secretly married and go west. The latter course was adopted, and the happy couple embarked for Quebec. All went well. They reached the St. Lawrence and lay becalmed off Rimouski. The day was fine and young Cartier took a boat to visit Ile St. Barnabé. While he was ashore a fearful tempest arose, and the vessel and all on board were engulfed before his eyes. The body of Louise was soon after washed ashore on the island, where Toussaint buried it and made a solemn vow to live on the lonely isle for the remainder of his days. This vow he faithfully observed, living a life of deep religious devotion, year after year, until his locks were silvered with age. All who knew him revered him, even the birds loved him and came to feed out of his hand; but his heart was broken, and he watched year by year pass by, counting each as a step nearer to his reunion with the one of whose smile through life he had been so rudely deprived. Forty odd seasons passed, and at length, one January morning, he was found lying dead on the floor of his humble abode. The lovers were united at last. His remains were buried within the old church of Rimouski, and to this day his name is honored as that of an holy man.

There are other versions of the story. Some of them omit all reference to the

love affair, and make it appear that he arrived on foot and came by the way of Metapediad. The foregoing is the prettiest, however, and ought to be true, whether it is or not.

Six miles below Rimouski is Father Point, so well known as a telegraph and signal station in connection with ocean steamers, and to it there is a charming drive along the shore. Four miles above the town is the village of Sacré Cœur, where there is a beautiful and well sheltered beach and admirable opportunities for boating and sea bathing.

Soon after leaving Rimouski the St. Lawrence is lost sight of, and the road makes its way toward the Metapedia Valley. Ste-Flavie, eighteen miles from Rimouski, is a place of some importance, and is the terminus of the well known highway, the Kempt Road, built at a heavy expense and so long used for a mail route between the upper and lower provinces. Here we begin to take leave of the French pure and simple, and enter a country where English is spoken to a greater extent. In the midst of the woods is Little Metis Station, not a place over which one could grow enthusiastic, but nevertheless leading by a road of about six miles to the beautiful watering place of

LITTLE METIS.

Three score and ten years ago the Seigneur of Metis was a Mr. McNider, whose name has such a genuine Caledonian ring that no one will imagine that he was a Frenchman. Warmly attached to the place, and fully impressed with its beauties, there was yet one defect which grieved his heart. Nature had neither located Metis in Scotland nor sent the Scotch to Metis. This want he determined to supply, and the result was the arrival of several hundred men, women and children from Old Scotia. These were located in several parts of the Seigneurie, and aided by Mr. McNider until their farms became adequate to supply their wants. Since then they have prospered, and Metis is a flourishing farming district. What is more to the purpose of the tourist, it is one of the most pleasant places on the shore for those who are seeking to enjoy the summer months. Numbers have already found out its beauties, but there is room for many more.

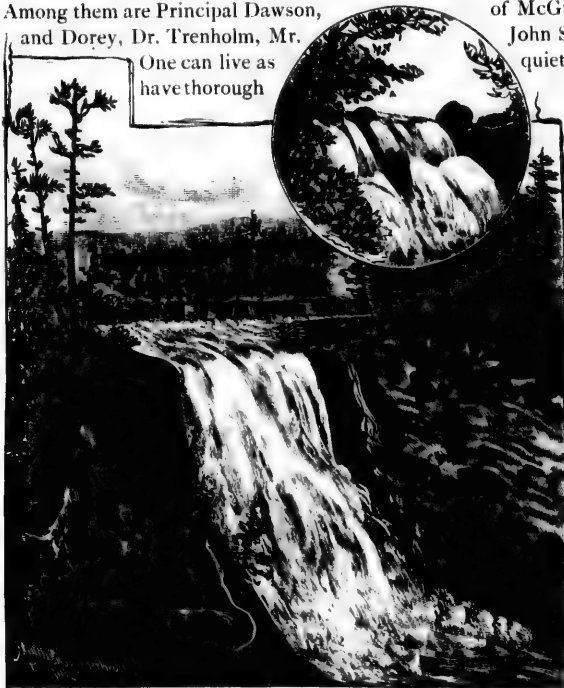
Little Metis is situated on the shore of the St. Lawrence, at a point where the estuary begins to widen out so that the opposite shore is a faint line in the distance and much of the horizon is as level as upon the ocean. This gives the place more of the air of a sea-side resort than many less favored watering places, and the salt waves rolling in upon the sandy beach confirm the impression. This beach is about four miles long, hard, smooth and safe for bathers. On some parts of it the surf beats with a sullen roar; yet numerous coves, sheltered from the swell, afford every security, as well as absolute privacy, to the bather. Boats, of all sizes, from a skiff to a schooner, are available to the visitor, and if one desires to run across to the other shore he will find safe and swift vessels crossing every day. If a party desire to have a good time and feel free and independent, they can charter a small schooner for about \$3 a day, secure a good sailing master, lay in a supply of provisions, and go where they please. The St. Lawrence is between thirty and forty miles wide in this part, so there is plenty of room for excursionists at all times.

On shore, in addition to the bathing, the attractions are abundant. First of all there are good hotels, and the visitor has his choice of five of them. Board is very reasonable, averaging about a dollar a day. If one prefer a private boarding house, he can find good accommodation for about five dollars a week. Besides this, nearly every farmer has a spare house which can be hired for about \$60 for the season, in-

cluding water and fuel. Where families want to have a good time, free from restraint, the latter course is the best one. The weirs furnish a plentiful supply of fresh fish, while other provisions, including berries of all kinds and dairy products are to be had in abundance. A number of residents of Montreal and other places have villas here. Among them are Principal Dawson, and Dorey, Dr. Trenholm, Mr.

of McGill College, Profs. Murray John Savage and Mrs. Redpath.

One can live as
have thorough



GRAND AND PETIT METIS.

quietly as he pleases here and enjoyment. On Sunday those who incline to the Presbyterian or Methodist faith can attend places of worship of those denominations, and during the season Episcopal service is also held.

The Little Metis River is a favorite haunt of the salmon, which is found there in large numbers. Trout are found wherever there is a lake or brook. The best fishing is at Metis Lakes, the nearest of which is about three miles from the centre of the village. Further back is a chain of lakes, all containing plenty of large trout, and all comparatively easy of access.

The country in the rear of Metis is a favorite resort for herds of caribou. Geese, duck and sea-fowl are found all along the shore, while partridge are met with in every part of the woods.

The scenery is varied and attractive. One may drive for miles along the shore and enjoy the panorama and the sea breeze until weary. Inland, are beautiful vales with nooks and brooks and charming bits of scenery. All the farmers have wagons to hire, and drives may be had at a small expense. One of the favorite drives is to the falls, seven miles away. Here a heavy body of water pours over the rocks with a grandeur which must be seen to be appreciated. Both Grand and Petit Metis rivers have waterfalls, situated amid most enchanting scenes of the forest.

Last year between 800 and 1,000 tourists visited Little Metis during the season. Enough to show that the place has attractions, but not so many as to overcrowd, or to impose the restraint incident to older and more fashionable resorts.

Further along the shore is Matane, chiefly renowned for the abundance of salmon and trout in the river. This also is in favor as a summer resort, and, like Metis, is a port of call for the steamers between Quebec and the Gulf Ports.

Leaving Metis, we leave the St. Lawrence behind us and journey south to the Metapediac Valley. Passing Tartague, the railway which has kept out of the way of

the mountain ranges by hugging the shore for two hundred miles, makes a bold push and crosses the hills at Malfait Lake. Here the tourist is nearly 750 feet above the sea, higher than he has been since he left Quebec, and higher than he can be on any other part of the line. Down the grade the cars go, until again on the level in the midst of a beautiful valley, where the hills rise on each side six and eight hundred feet for a distance of many miles. The French villages are no longer seen; the French names are no longer heard. In the place of the latter comes the names bestowed by the Indians who once peopled the land. Some of these names are musical, after you get used to them. No doubt they were musical to Algonquin ears when uttered by Algonquin tongues; but the true pronunciation of many of them is lost, and as the Indians had no written language there is no rule as to how they should be spelled. Some of them are believed to have had poetical meanings, but there is a good deal more fancy than fact in many of the interpretations. It is just as well, however, to attach some poetry to them in the *Metapediac*, for all the surroundings are of a poetical nature. It is supposed to have been somewhere in this vicinity that the first and last of the Aboriginal Spring Poets ventured to warble, and was put to death, with horrible tortures, as a warning to Spring Poets for all time to come. His effusion is believed to have consisted of a hundred and sixteen stanzas. He desired his Chief's opinion as to their fitness for publication. The criticism was promptly given, for when the poet had reached the end of the fifth stanza he was gagged, tried and condemned to the stake. Tradition says the verses were:

ODE TO SPRING.

Hail, *Metapediac*! Upon thy shore
The *Souriquois* may sweet seclusion seek;
Cadaraqui distracts his thoughts no more,
Nor seeks he gold from *Souleamuagadeek*.

Hail *Restigouche* and calm *Causapsca*,
Tartague, *Tobegote* and *Sayabec*,
Amqui, *Wagansis*, *Peske-Ammik*—all
The scenes which Nature doth with glory deck.

At *Assametquaghan* and at *Upsalquitch*
The busy beaver builds his little dam;
His sisters, cousins and his aunts grow rich
At *Patapediac* and *Obstehquasquam*.

I've wandered by the *Quatawamkedgwick*,
The *Madawaska* and the famed *Loostook*,
The *Temiscouata*, *Kamouraska*, *Bic*;
I've climbed the hill of *Wollodadamook*.

And everywhere do thoughts of spring arise,
Till this *Algonquin* doth an ode produce.
Hail, brother *Mareschites* and *Abnakies*!
Hail, balmy mouth of *Amusswikizooks*!

Gachepe and *Kigicapiok*—

It was at this stage that the poet was gagged. Like unto the swan, his song and his death followed each other. It was the first and last appearance of the Spring Poet among the Red men.

METAPEDIAC LAKE AND VALLEY.

Beyond Sayabec lies the beautiful sheet of water called Lake Metapediac. It is the noblest sheet of inland water seen along the route. All lakes have a beauty which appeals to the imaginative minds, but this enshrined among the mountains must impress the most prosaic nature. About sixteen miles in length, and stretching out in parts to the width of five miles, its ample area gives it a dignity with which to wear its beauty. Embosomed on its tranquil waters lie isles rich in verdure, while shores luxuriant with Nature's bounty make a fitting frame to so fair a picture. He who has told us of Loch Katrine could sing of this lake that she :

" In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And Islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the lovelier light ;
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

Upon this lake the canoe may glide amid scenes which can wake the artist's soul to ecstasy. Here, too, may the sportsman never ply his craft in vain. These clear waters are the home of the salmon, and kings among the fishes await the angler's pleasure. The trout and the salmon are of a size and flavor which will charm alike the eye and the taste. They are simply majestic—

None know them but to love them,
Nor name them but to praise.

The outlet of the lake is the famed Metapediac River. It is usually spelled without the final "c." and some use an "a" instead of the first "e." It is a matter of taste, but it is highly probable no one of the three is like the original Indian word. Cascapediac, for instance, is a corruption of Kigicapiagak, and probably the original of Metapediac is something even worse. It is just as well not to be too particular, for the corruption of Indian words is generally an improvement so far as relates to the ease of pronunciation by the tongues of white men. The name is said to denote Musical Waters, and the title is well deserved. Through the green valley it winds in graceful curves, singing the music of the waters as it runs. It has 222 rapids, great and small, now swift and deep, now gently rippling over beds of shining gravel and golden sand. Here and there are the deeper pools in which lurk salmon of astounding size, for this is one of the salmon rivers of which every fisherman has heard. For mile after mile the traveller watches the course of the river, so strangely pent in by the mountains on either hand, rising from six to eight hundred feet in every shape which mountains can assume. Some are almost perfect cones ; others rise swiftly into precipices ; and others have such gentle slopes that one feels that he would like to stroll leisurely upward to the summit. In some places, the river, the highway, and the railway, crowd each other for a passage between the foot of the hills, so narrow is the valley. All kinds of foliage, and all shades of Nature's colors are upon the hillsides ; and in the autumn when the grand transformation of hues takes place the effect is magnificent beyond description. Along the river, grassy banks here and there await the angler's feet to press the turf in joyful haste, as the lordly fish leap from the waters to seize his hook. Beauty is everywhere ; here all the charms of retirement can be found, amid a Northern paradise. Switzerland lives in miniature amid the mountains ; England and Scotland are around the lakes, streams and springy heather. Everyone

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THE RESTIGOUCHE SALMON CLUB HOUSE, METAPEDIAN.

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praises Metapediac ; many grow gushing over its beauties ; no one presumes to suggest that it could have been better than it is.

For year after year this glorious country was far removed from the path of travellers, save those whose necessities obliged them to traverse the military road to Ste-Flavie. The building of the railway has opened it to the world, and thousands are now familiar with it where hundreds had heard of it in other years. It is a country which has attractions for all. Those who seek the beautiful in Nature may here find it, while those who are disciples of Nimrod or Walton may here find the days only too short, and the weeks passing away all too swiftly.

THE SHOOTING AND FISHING.

You can stand on the railway track and shoot partridges in this valley, and by going two miles into the forest you can shoot caribou. As was previously mentioned, vast quantities of moose once roamed here, and some are still left ; but the caribou must content the hunter as regards large game, unless, indeed he have the luck to meet



MILL STREAM METAPEDIA.

a bear or two. By climbing the mountains, plenty of game of all kinds is found in the forests, which cover a large area of country. The Metapediac has several other salmon rivers

flowing into it. The Causapsca is one of these, and it was where the streams join that the Princess Louise landed the forty pound salmon. Royal fish are these salmon, and fit sport for royalty. Take any part of the Metapediac in the latter part of June or the early part of July, when, as a rule, the fish are the most abundant, and there is fishing enough to keep a good sized crowd pretty busy. The Americans have found out the advantages of the country, and a club of wealthy New-Yorkers now own a club-house and hold a fishing lease on the Metapediac. Their house is at the junction of the River with the Restigouche, the place formerly so well known as "Dan Fraser's."

For early salmon fishing, the Metapediac and its tributaries have an especially good name, but at no time during the season is the fishing poor. The Metapediac trout are as large as some fish which pass for salmon in other countries, and one of them is a "square meal" of itself. Where forty and fifty pound salmon exist, seven pound trout are only in proportion as they should be. At Assametquaghan (a place more beautiful than its name), at McKinnon Brook, and at Mill Stream, will be found particularly good trout fishing. A party of two men has gone out of an afternoon and remained until noon the next day, securing nearly 250 pounds of trout, each trout averaging four pounds in weight, but many running as high as seven pounds.

Mr. Fraser formerly kept an excellent hotel at Metapediac Station, where the house of the "Restigouche Salmon Club" stands. After disposing of the latter place, he erected a new hotel, about one mile further down the river, and close to the line of

railway. This also has been disposed of to a fishing club, but Mr. Fraser is still in demand by strangers seeking for "points."

The last of the Metapediac is seen at the village which bears the name of the river, at the junction with the Restigouche. It is a place of singular beauty; and the eye lingers lovingly on the beautiful panorama as it passes from the view and the train rushes onward to the boundary of New Brunswick. Here we catch sight of the River Restigouche, spanned by a beautiful railway bridge, over a thousand feet in length. A few miles beyond, the train passes through the tunnel on Morrissey's Rock, on the side of Prospect Mountain. This is the only tunnel through which trains pass, though, hidden from the eye of the ordinary traveller, are a number of others by which rivers have been diverted in the work of construction. There are, however, miles of snow-sheds, which answer the purposes of tunnels, so far as linked darkness, long drawn out, is concerned.

At the Head of the Tide a bright picture meets the eye: The river is thickly dotted with low-lying islands, rich with meadow land, their hues of green contrasting finely with the silver surface of the river. In truth, this part of the road is a succession of bright pictures—a panorama, wherein are shown some of Nature's fairest scenes.

CAMPBELLTON.

We are in New Brunswick, and pretty near what might have answered for a jumping off place in old times. Now-a-days the residents repel such an insinuation, and point with pride to the present prosperity of the village (but don't call it that!), and to its great possibilities in the future. Well, Campbellton has great possibilities, and it has probabilities as well. It is no longer gay or sad as lumber is high or low, and it lives in airy independence of the hoisting and shutting-down of the saw-mills. It is improving every year. By and by it will be very much improved, and will be one of the most popular resorts on the railway.

What are its possibilities? In the first place, its situation is a convenient as well as a very charming one. Convenient because it is central upon the line of the Inter-colonial—neither too far south for the people who are above it, nor too far north for those who are below. It is 314 miles from Quebec, 372 from Halifax, and 274 from St. John. It is convenient, too, because it lies in the midst of one of the finest regions for sport on the continent. The Restigouche and Metapediac, with their tributaries, afford only a part of the splendid fishing to be had, while the land to the west and the north contains all manner of game to entice the sportsman to its forests. Besides, Campbellton looks into the fair and famous Baie des Chaleurs, which is of itself worth coming from afar to sail upon; and, finally, it is convenient as a cool, but not cold, watering place with every facility for salt-water bathing, salt-water fishing and a good time generally. The situation is beautiful, because Campbellton lies at a point where a broad and beautiful river unites with the waters of a bay which has no rival in Canada. Beautiful, because the mountains rise near and far, their cones pointing heavenward with a grandeur not to be described, while the varying shades are blended with a harmony which all may admire, but which can be appreciated only by the artist. Yes, Campbellton is well situated, and when it has a St. Lawrence Hall, like that at Cacouna, it will be a place which no one can afford to miss.

One of the finest views to be had is from the top of the Sugar Loaf, a mountain about a mile and a half above the town. Do not be alarmed when the people tell you that the summit is nearly a thousand feet high. The climb is not so much as that. The highest measurement it ever got was by the reflecting circle of Sir Howard Douglas,

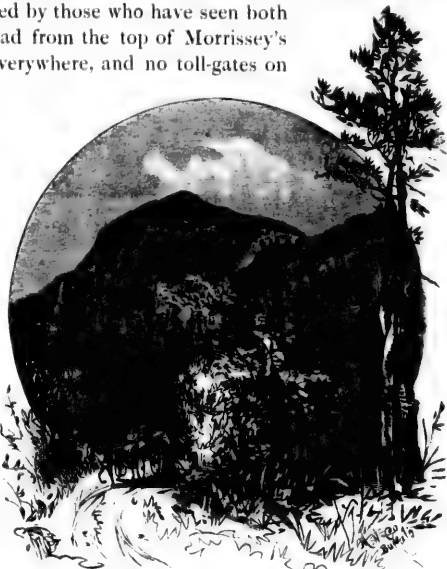
which gave 844. Later and better authority makes it 730 feet. That is high enough to give you a magnificent view, and as the mountain side is precipitous you will be quite as tired as if you went up a thousand feet on any ordinary mountain. After you get up, look to the north and the grand old mountains of Gaspé are before you; to the south is a smiling country rich in vegetation; while to the southward and eastward lie the Restigouche and the Baie des Chaleurs, with Dalhousie and the other flourishing places of the North. The scenery has been called superior to that of the Susquehanna. Whether it is or not can be best judged by those who have seen both places. Another fine view is to be had from the top of Morrissey's Rock—in fact there are fine views everywhere, and no toll-gates on the roads to them.

Reference has already been made to the sailing and bathing. Both may be enjoyed to any desired extent. The fame of the Restigouche salmon and trout speaks as to the fishing at Campbellton and in its vicinity. It was a Restigouche salmon that tipped the scale at fifty-four pounds, and numbers have been caught which were of the respectable weight of forty pounds each. Salmon fishing commences about the middle of May, and all the rivers abound with these great and glorious fish.

Fishing for the abnormally large trout already mentioned is had both in summer and winter. It is usual to commence fishing through the ice about the first of March. After the river is clear of ice, early in May, plenty of five and seven pound trout can be caught in the tide with bait. From the middle of May until July they will take either fly or bait, but for good fly-fishing take the month of July. Here are some of the favorite haunts; Escuminac, 15 miles distant; Little Nouvelle, 22; Little Cascapedia, about 45 or 50 by steamer; Parker Lake, 3; Head of Tide, 5; and Mission Lake, 3 miles from Cross Point on the opposite side of the river. Guides are easily obtained and are reliable men. Parties going to Escuminac can find both accommodation and guides by going to Daniel Brown. A great deal of information may be had from Mr. O. A. Barbarie, station master at Campbellton, an enthusiastic fisherman and one of the best amateur fly-tiers in the country.

Good trout fishing may also be had in the vicinity of Campbellton, at Parker Lake and Inner Parker Lake. Excellent camping ground is found at these places, as indeed is almost invariably the case with the lakes of this part of America. By ascending the Restigouche until the Quatawamkedgwick is reached and going about six miles up the latter river, seven and eight pound sea-trout are caught. This spot is a little over 70 miles from Campbellton, but the canoe journey will of itself well repay those who undertake it.

Some of the best fishing to be had is at Cascapedia. It was here that an English



SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN NEAR CAMPBELLTON.

M. P., Mr. Ellis, had unprecedented success in 1879, the party of three hooking several thousand pounds. Mr. Ellis spoke of the scenery at Cascapedia as the finest he had ever seen, and it *is* fine. President Arthur, before he was put on the limits by virtue of his exalted position, also made Cascapedia his favorite resort. Grand Cascapedia is a favorite resort of the Vice-Regal party, the Governor-General having a fishing lodge on that river.

Besides these places, the sportsman is near the Metapediac Valley, and has the Restigouche and all its many tributaries to afford him recreation.

SHOOTING.

A time-honored poem, the author of which is unknown, used to say :

"Oh, were you ever in Restigouche,
To see the Injun shoot-um goose,"

and the words apply as well to-day as they did fifty years ago. The Indians are found at Cross Point mission, opposite Campbellton, one of the oldest missions in Canada. Here they have a reserve of 840 acres, and they number about 500 in all. During the last fifty years the increase of population has been only forty. These Indians make excellent guides. The geese mentioned by the poet hover around the shores in flocks of thousands. So do the duck and brant. They are in their glory in the fall and spring, but where there is open water some of them fight it out on that line all winter.

Partridge and snipe shooting is also a success in this locality. Plover are found at times, but a strict regard for truth compels the admission that a man who goes after them and wants nothing else may be disappointed.

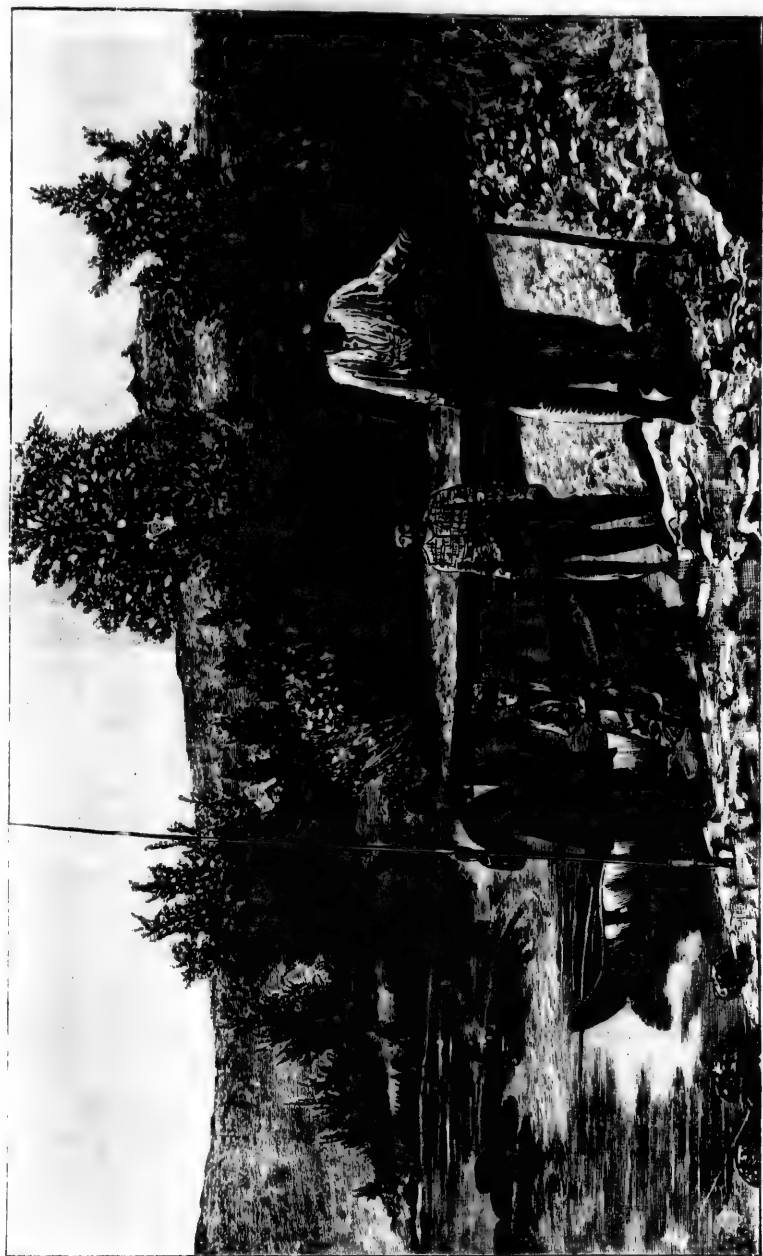
Caribou are abundant. The woods are full of them figuratively speaking. A year or two ago one was caught at the freight house at Campbellton, and Mr. Thomas Clare, of Nouvelle, also apprehended one which he found loafing around his barn-yard. Moose are also to be had by going back into the woods, while a pleasing variety is given by the occasional appearance of a bear or loup-cervier.* One of the best places for moose is between Patapediac and Tracy Brook. Fred Weirs gets three or four of these kingly creatures at the mouth of the former stream as regularly as the winter comes. A remarkable exploit was that of William Murray, of Campbellton, who went up the Nouvelle river and shot four moose in one day. Bears are abundant on the North-west Upsalquitch, where they resort in search of the tempting blueberry.

Another wonderful feat was that of William Harper, in killing fourteen black duck at one shot, on the Little Muni river.

THE RESTIGOUCHE.

Should one wish to visit an ideal wilderness, let him ascend this great river to its source, some two hundred miles away.

The Restigouche is part of the northern boundary of New Brunswick, and if it were straight would reach quite across the Province. Nature, however, is not partial to straight lines, and so the Restigouche makes some wild bends, at all kinds of angles, from its source to its mouth. It has been recorded by some one, and believed by a great many, that the meaning of Restigouche is "river that divides like a hand." The latter, however, is believed to be the meaning of Upsalquitch, and Restigouche means, according to the mission chronicles, "River of the Long War." Some contend that it signifies "Broad River." Some of the Abnakis used to call this region Papechigunach, the place of spring amusements which had no reference to spring-traps, but may possibly have borne upon the unlimited chances for the shooting of wild geese and



SALMON FISHING ON THE RESTIGOUCHE, N. B.

ducks. Be its name what it may, it is a noble river and is good for an unlimited amount of fishing and hunting. Its head waters lie near Metis Lake in one direction and Temiscouata in another, and for much of its length it flows through the dense wilderness rarely trodden by the foot of man. The country drained by it and its tributaries is a land of mountains and valleys—the former rising grandly two thousand feet towards the clouds; the latter having forests, in which solitude and silence reign. In these regions there are lakes where the beaver has no one to molest nor make it afraid; there are valleys whose rocks have never echoed the report of a gun; there are miles upon miles which have never been explored, and where the creatures of the forest roam as freely as they did a hundred years ago. One can retire into the heart of New Brunswick and reach rivers which lead to all points, such as the Tobique and St. John, Nepisiguit, Miramichi and others of lesser note, as well as rivers which run to the St. Lawrence.

Ascending the Restigouche, the first object of interest is Point Bourdo, where once stood the French village of Petit Rochelle, destroyed by Captain Byron in 1760. Four French vessels of war had taken shelter in the river and were followed by Byron's fleet and destroyed. The inhabitants of the village fled to the woods, their houses were laid in ruins and the fortifications destroyed. Many relics of the engagement have been found and preserved, and a few years ago the hulls of some of the sunken vessels could be seen at low water.

Some six or seven miles after passing the mouth of the Metapediac, the Upsalquitch is reached, being the first tributary on the New Brunswick side. By ascending this the head waters of the Nepisiguit and Tobique are reached. About 29 miles further is the Patapediac, by which the Metis and other rivers may be found; then comes the Quatawamkedgwick, some 21 miles further, leading to the head-waters of the Rimouski. By following the Restigouche into the Wagansis, a portage of about three miles will bring one to Grand River, a tributary of the St. John. The Temiscouata and Squatook Lakes may also be reached—indeed, the by-paths in the wilderness are innumerable, for streams run in all directions. All of any size are safe for canoe navigation, and all abound with the best of fish. So safe is the navigation, that even ladies, with proper escort, have ascended the St. John, crossed the narrow ridge of land and descended the Restigouche. They, of course, did not explore the wild country to be found by ascending the branches of the latter river, the land of the hunter and his game.

Returning to Campbellton, the traveller will find fair hotels and cheap living. For those merely passing through, an excellent Dining-Room will be found at the station. This Dining-Room is favourably known among travellers for the good and substantial meals supplied and especially for delicious fresh fish newly caught.

DALHOUSIE.

One of the fairest spots on the line of the Intercolonial is found at the town of Dalhousie. Even when this place was not connected with the railroad its beauty attracted large numbers of visitors, and now that it is so easy of access it bids fair to be one of the most popular of summer resorts. Its location at the mouth of the Restigouche where the glorious Baie des Chaleurs begins, would in any event make the site one of unusual beauty; but nature has done much for Dalhousie in giving it hills and heights which command a prospect of sea and land far as the eye can reach. All varieties of scenery may here be found, from the gently murmuring groves to the rugged rocks of most fantastic form which in places skirt the shore. The harbor is a most excellent one for all purposes. It is perfectly safe for all kinds of boating and large enough to

afford an abundance of recreation. Beyond it are the broad River Restigouche and the broad Baie des Chaleurs. Fine beaches and water of moderate temperature tempt the bather. The sheltered position of the place gives it a freedom from raw winds, and fog, that terror of so many tourists is never known around this shore. It is not only a spot where the strong and healthy may enjoy themselves, but it is one where the weak may become strong, and the invalid take a new lease of life. Dalhousie, too, surpasses many other attractive spots in having a really first-class hotel—the Inch Arran House—built on a most desirable site close to the waters of the harbor. Every convenience incident to modern hotel life may be found at this place, and the most delicate and fastidious need not fear to surrender the comforts of home for a sojourn here during the summer season.

Dalhousie is convenient if you wish to visit the famous land of Gaspé, for from it a steamer runs twice a week and calls at grand sporting places on the way. If one has a taste to visit Anticosti, he will find packets at Gaspé to take him there, or should he desire to see the quaint regions of the Magdalen Islands, he can easily get there from Paspebiac.

The distance across to some of the famous fishing rivers, such as the Escuminac and Cascapédiac, is but short and may be made by sail at any time.

LA BAIE DES CHALEURS.

La Baie des Chaleurs is one of the most beautiful havens in America. Ninety miles long, and from fifteen to twenty-five wide, there cannot be found in its waters either rock or other hinderance to the safe passage of the largest of ships. Jacques Cartier gave the Bay its present name to commemorate the grateful warmth which he there felt after coming from the cold shores of Newfoundland. The Indians called it Ecketuan Nemaachi, or Sea of Fish, a name far more appropriate though less musical than that which it now bears. The railway runs close to its shore for many miles, and few fairer sights are to be seen than the broad and beautiful expanse of water, with its numerous little inlets on the New Brunswick side and the lofty and imposing mountains rising grandly on the shore of Quebec. For miles, too, the land around the bay is settled, and the green fields of well-tilled farms add another charm to the landscape. Of a summer day, with a gentle breeze rippling the smooth surface of the water, the yachtsman feels that he has at last found the object of his dream. There is no finer yachting bay on the North Atlantic coast.

The waters of the bay abound with net fish, and there is, also, a fine chance for line fishing. Catching mackerel is a favorite recreation, the season lasting from early in July until the last of September, or later. The fishers go out in small boats and use lines from ten to twenty feet in length. Fine chopped herring are thrown overboard to attract a "school," and soon one has work enough to tend his lines and haul in the mackerel as fast as caught. Where two lines are used it is lively sport, and a hundred an hour is a common catch. The Gulf of St. Lawrence mackerel are large in size and are usually in splendid condition. There is another kind of mackerel fishing—that for the huge and oily horse-mackerel, or tunny, which is sometimes a dozen feet long, and has been known to attain the weight of half a ton. The specimens caught here are usually smaller than this and not hard to manage. A heavy chain and hook are used, the water is "baited," and when a big fish takes the hook all there is to be done is to haul in the chain, and keep his head above water until he can be speared in a vital part. It is "as easy as rolling off a log"—after you get in the way of it.

All the rivers which flow into the bay are good fishing streams. Sea trout are

found in the estuaries, and brook trout in the waters above. They are not so large as those further north, but are of good size and flavor. The sea trout weigh four and five pounds; the others run from half a pound to four pounds. Both branches of River Charlo have good privileges, both for trout and salmon, and are not under lease. Good sport is also had at the lakes, about four miles from the village. Another, and well known stream, is the Jacquet river, which is leased for salmon fishing. July is a good time to commence to look for sport on it, while August and September make suspicion of this kind a certainty. The scenery on the river is wildly grand, the waters running between precipitous rocks, roaring in cascades and foaming amid the boulders in the rapids. Guides are to be had at the village. If one wishes to be unattended, he can go up by a good portage road, and will find excellent fishing as he goes. He is sure to have it at Sunnyside, eight miles from the station, or at the Pot Hole and Kettle Hole, four miles higher up. The best plan is to fish all along between the two places, and one is sure to have good luck. Another choice place is at the first falls, twenty miles from the station. Belledune Lake, six miles from the station, in another direction, also has a good name for gamy trout, running from a half to two pounds in weight.

The shooting along the bay and in the woods further inland is of the same fine character as that mentioned in connection with the Restigouche—ducks and geese near the water, and bear, caribou, moose, etc., in the forest.

There is one thing which the tourist may hear of at Jacquet River, or in its vicinity, which may puzzle him. It will puzzle him still more if he sees it. It is the phantom light of the Baie des Chaleurs. What it is, no one seems to know; the people along the shore believe it to be something which "is, but hadn't ought to be," among the inhabitants of this world; strangers dismiss it by the very indefinite designation of "electricity." It has been seen at times for the last three-quarters of a century, at least, and people know no more about it now than they ever did. It has appeared in various parts of the bay, from above Jacquet River down as far as Caraquet, sometimes appearing like a ball of fire within a mile or two on shore, and sometimes having the appearance of a burning vessel many miles away. Sometimes it shoots like a meteor; at other times it glides along with a slow and dignified motion. Sometimes it seems to rest upon the water; sometimes it mounts rapidly in the air and descends again. It is altogether mysterious and eccentric. One may watch for months and never see it, but many reliable persons have seen it time after time. It is usually followed by a storm, and the most singular part of the story is that it has actually appeared above the ice in the depth of winter. There is, of course, a tradition that just before the light appeared for the first time, a part of the crew of a wrecked vessel were murdered by their companions, who appropriated all the plunder they could get. The piratical sailors were subsequently lost during a storm, and immediately after the event the light began its vagrant existence. Whatever be the cause, the phenomenon is there, though not always to be seen, for "sometimes the spirits work, and sometimes they don't." It is one of the strange things that come in with the tide.

BATHURST

is one of the best laid out towns in the Province, thanks to Sir Howard Douglas, by whom it was named and designed. Before his visit, in 1828, it had the aboriginal name of Indian Point, but Sir Howard duly christened it by drinking the only bottle of wine in the place. In those days there was no Intercolonial, and no chance to procure supplies at short notice. The announcement of the proposed official visit filled the public with dismay—there was but one bottle of wine to be had for love or money. The

reception committee were equal to the occasion. When the banquet was spread, the wine was placed before Sir Howard, while the natives drank the toast in water so ingeniously colored that His Excellency never knew the difference.

The streets of Bathurst intersect each other at right angles; they are well graded, roomy, and shaded by numerous trees. The soil is so sandy that mud is never seen, and altogether the town is a particularly pleasant place both for the residents and for visitors. There are numerous pleasant drives. One is to the Tête-à-gauche, or Fairy River, the falls of which are about seven miles from the town, and flow through a rocky gorge with very fine effect. On the return the Vale Farm is well worth a visit. Another drive is up the Nepisiguit to the Pabineau Falls, seven miles, taking in the Rough Waters on the return. At the latter place, the Nepisiguit runs for about a mile, roaring amid huge granite boulders which appear as if hurled thither by Titanic hands. For falls, however, there is nothing in the vicinity to equal the Grand Falls, twenty-one miles distant. There are two pitches, the total descent being 105 feet, and the grandeur of the rocky heights by which the river is here overlooked requires to be witnessed to have any conception of the sublimity of the scenery.

Good bathing may be had at the Point, three miles from the station, where there is a fine sandy beach. There are rumors that a large hotel is to be built at this place, and the choice of site would be an excellent one. Boating is had in the harbor and around the bay. Mackerel and smelts are fished for with good success, with lines. Some of the smelts measure a foot in length.

This is a great country for salmon and trout. The former are taken on the Nepisiguit as far up as the Grand Falls. One of the favorite places for them is at the Rough Waters, but good pools are found all along the river. In former years a man has gone from Bathurst to Grand Falls, fishing up, and returned the next day, fishing down, and brought home thirty salmon, weighing from thirty-five pounds each and under. The Tête-à-gauche is another good salmon stream, and the Middle River is fair, but not remarkable for its fishing. The early salmon requires rather a bright fly, but Mr. Flannery, at the Railway Station, is the best one to give advice on this point. He knows all about flies, and fish as well.

Trout fishing with bait commences about the 10th of May, and large quantities of sea trout, weighing from half a pound to six pounds, are taken in the harbor. About the last of June, or first of July, the rivers begin to get good and continue so until winter. During the summer a red, or brown, or small grey fly brings good success, and in the fall, when the fish take bait readily, one who prefers a fly would do well to use a white one with a good deal of tinsel. All the rivers and lakes have trout. You can cast a line anywhere and something will rise to it.

The Nepisiguit is about 84 miles long to the head of Upper Lake. From this point one can portage to the Upsalquitch, and thence to the Restigouche; to the Tobique, and down the St. John, and to the Northwest Miramichi and thence to Newcastle. The country is wild enough in the interior, and abounds with lakes and streams not laid down on any of the maps. These forests are peopled with all kinds of game.

A country which has hitherto been little known to the tourist is now opened up by the Caraque railway. This road runs from Gloucester, five miles east of Bathurst, to Shippegan, a distance of sixty miles. Its course is along the shore of the Baie des Chaleurs, and the journey is a most attractive one to the lover of nature. Along the route are the villages of Salmon Beach, Clifton, New Bandon, Grand Anse and Caraque. The latter, an old and quaint Acadian settlement will be found worthy of the study of the stranger. Good shooting and fishing are found all along the line.

A FINE COUNTRY FOR SPORT

lies between Bathurst and Newcastle. The Tabusintac River, about half-way, is one of the best sea trout rivers in America. The fish-stories told of it are perfectly astounding to a stranger. The trout are said to be as large as mackerel and so plenty that the fishing of them is like being among a mackerel "school." This may be taken with a little allowance, but there is no doubt that the river is an unusually fine one for sport. The visitors will find good accommodations on the banks, at the house of Mrs. Goodwin, and from there he will go about six miles to the best trout pools. A horse and canoe are useful on the journey. The Tracadie River has also a splendid reputation. There are several other trout streams in the district, but this one is most worthy of mention.

Caribou! Yes, the caribou plains extend from the Northwest Miramichi to the sea coast; and as to bears, the Bartibogue region points proudly to the record of the bounties paid on the bruins slain in its midst. Partridges are plenty in every part of this country, and fly across the path of the traveller on every highway.

MIRAMICHI.

It is just as well for people to believe that Miramichi means "Happy Retreat," rather than to credit the greater probability that it is derived from Miggumaghee, Micmac Land." Happy Retreat is more poetical and gives visitors a chance to say how well the designation suits the place, and to gush over the noble river and goodly land which was once the heritage of the Red Man. The name and the fame of Miramichi have spread all over the world. Some people in distant lands know it because of the lumber, some because of the fish, and many have a vague idea that it is a place in Canada where there was a destructive fire years before they were born. Well, this is Miramichi, and the first place one stops at is Newcastle, a town fair to look upon as it slopes gently to the waters of the great river, which here broadens into an arm of the sea as it meets the waters of the Gulf. There was a time when one man, Denis de Fronsac, owned the whole of this part of the country, and yet felt his importance a good deal less than many a bank clerk does to-day. That was a long time ago; the value of real estate has risen since then, and the 2,000 square miles granted in 1690 are now cut up so that Denis would not recognize them if he came back again.

Miramichi has always been a pretty place and has always been praised by its visitors. Jacques Cartier came all the way from France to have a look at it in 1535, and gave it a first-class notice in the guide book to Canada which he subsequently wrote. Every other guide-book man has done the same, and every one has told the truth. It is a stirring, wide-awake country, and its people have a right to feel proud of it and to praise it. They duly exercise that right, and are happy in the enjoyment of their lovely heritage. The Miramichi River takes its rise two hundred or more miles from its mouth, its head-waters lying in Carleton and Victoria counties, within easy reach of the St. John and its tributaries. The Northwest Branch commences near the head-waters of the Nepisiguit, and the two branches unite at Beaubere Island, a short distance above Newcastle. Both branches are fed by numerous large streams, and the river drains over 6,000 square miles of country, an area equal to about a quarter of the Province. It is navigable for large vessels for forty-six miles from the mouth, and for canoes for many hundred miles. The vast country which it drains has never been thoroughly explored; even the ubiquitous lumberman has but a partial knowledge of it; and it will readily be seen that its resources for the hunter are practically without limit. Moose, caribou, deer, bears, wolves, foxes, racoons, loup-cerviers, and all the

smaller animals range these forests, while fish leap from every lake and stream. By this great natural highway, and its connections, one may reach every section of the Province where a hunter wishes to go. No pent-up shooting park contracts his powers; it is for himself to limit the extent of his journey.

One whose time is limited does not need to wander far from Chatham or Newcastle in order to find abundant sport. As for fishing, he is in a fish country, from which the annual exports of salmon, smelts, bass, etc., are something almost incredible. Rod fishing may be had in every direction. Many good salmon privileges are not yet under lease, as, for instance, the Little Southwest and Renous rivers and their lakes, some of which have never been fully explored. Wherever there is a high bank on one side and a low beach on the other, will be found a pool to which salmon are sure to resort. The Ox Bow, on the Little South West, a mile above Red Bank, is a favorite spot for fishers. The main North West is a particularly good river; one of the noted places on it is the Big Hole, five or six miles above the Head of the Tide. There salmon or grilse can be caught at almost all times, but are particularly abundant immediately after a rain. The Big and Little Sevogles, which empty into the river just named, have a good reputation. The former is a very pretty river with a fine water-fall, in the basin beneath which is excellent fishing at certain seasons. Immediately below is the Square Forks, where the north and south branches meet, a place with scenery of rather striking nature. The Miramichi salmon is not large, ten pounds being a fair average, but its flavor is very fine. Grilse average about five or six pounds. They are very gamy, and afford splendid sport.

Trout fishing is had in all the rivers, brooks and lakes. The Tabusintac has already been mentioned. The sea trout in it and in the Tracadie are very large. On both rivers there is good fishing for many miles from the mouth. Early in June, when the water of the Miramichi is low, fine sea trout are caught as far up as Indiantown. As for flies, the "Jock Scott" is considered good for all purposes. The "Silver Doctor" is another favorite, while for spring fishing a red body with white wings is found to have "a very taking way."

During the summer, mackerel and codfish are taken with the hook in the Miramichi Bay, and in the summer there is also good bass fishing inside the Horse Shoe Bar, at the mouth of the river. The winter fishing for bass, with bow nets, is followed on the North West River, and fish as large as twenty pounds are taken. The winter smelt fishing has also grown to a great industry. Smelt take the hook as well, and are fished for in the fall and winter with jiggers, four hooks being used.

As already stated, bear and caribou are plenty between Newcastle and Bathurst. Messrs. Connell and Kenna, who live at Bartibogue, have a wide reputation as hunters, and strangers can procure their services as guides.

Partridge are very plenty. Plover and snipe are also found in the fall, and a few, but not many, English woodcock. The great fall and spring sport is the shooting of geese, brant and ducks of all kinds. They are found at Tabusintac Gully, mouth of Tabusintac, Neguac Gully, Black Lands Point and Grand Anse, on the north of the river, and Baie du Vin. Fox Island, Point Escuminac, and other places on the south side.

Newcastle has a large trade in lumber, and the saw mills are found in every direction outside of the town. The fish business gives employment to a large number of people and represents a large amount of money. Trade of other kinds is brisk and there is a general air of prosperity. The situation of the town, its regular streets and numerous fine residences make it a place most agreeable to the eyes of the visitor. Chatham, six miles below, is a busy place, with a large trade. Its wharves are in continual demand for the large quantities of shipping which come hither from all parts of the world, and

its streets and stores have a rush of business pleasant to witness. It is the seat of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham Diocese, and has numerous fine buildings, both public and private. The Chatham Branch Railway, nine miles in length, connects the town with the Intercolonial, and steamers ply several times a day between Chatham and Newcastle, and also make trips to Indiantown, twenty miles above the latter place. The adjacent country is well settled and has numerous beautiful drives. Excursions are made by steamer from Chatham to Bay du Vin, a distance of 25 miles, the round trip costing the moderate sum of fifty cents.

The scenery of all this part of the country must be seen to be appreciated. The magnificent river and the rich country through which it flows combine to make a vision of beauty not soon to be forgotten.

THE GREAT FIRE.

The year 1825 was the gloomiest ever known on the beautiful Miramichi. It was the year of the great fire, to a description of which pages might be devoted, and the event was one to which no partial account can do justice. It may be summed up briefly as one of the greatest fires of which there is any record. It swept over the country from the head waters of the river in a sheet of flame one hundred miles broad, and burned all before it over an area of eight thousand square miles. The immense damage which it did to the lumber woods cannot be computed; in the settlements it destroyed over a million dollars worth of property. It has never been known how many lives were lost; the lowest estimate, in the Newcastle district alone, was one hundred and sixty, but the whole number was undoubtedly much larger. Whole families were destroyed, and hundreds were made homeless and destitute. Newcastle was swept from existence almost in the twinkling of an eye. In three hours from the appearance of the sheet of flame, every house, save one or two, had vanished, and desolation was upon the land. It was a scene of which the terrible grandeur can be but feebly realized; the most common place accounts of it as related by the few survivors to-day are thrilling in the extreme. The reality must have been appalling in its horrors.

After leaving Newcastle, the Miramichi Railway Bridges are crossed. Every one admires their beauty, and no one is surprised when told that the cost of this part of the road was in the neighborhood of a million dollars. This represents a vast amount of work, much of which is hidden under the water. Each of the bridges is 1,200 feet in length, and they are models of strength combined with beauty.

From Miramichi until Moncton is reached the railway passes through a country which has no particular attractions for the eye. It is so far from the shore that none of the flourishing settlements are seen, and the traveller is apt to gain a poor idea of the country. There is, however, a fine farming and fishing district all along the coast, and some large rivers of which only the head waters are crossed. The Richibucto is one of these, and the town of the same name, reached by a branch railway from Kent Junction, has much to recommend it as a summer resort. The bathing and boating privileges are unlimited, and the scenery is never marred by the presence of fog. What has been wanted, however, has been an hotel suited to the wants of all classes of tourists. This is now to be found in "The Beeches," a new and spacious structure, where will be found all the accessories which can contribute to the comfort and amusement of its patrons. The village of St. Louis, seven miles distant, is noted as a resort for the sick and infirm, who seek the healing waters at the shrine of the Immaculate Conception and return to their homes with their afflictions banished. The vicinity of Richibucto affords many other walks and drives of interest, while all kinds of game invite the sportsman, and fine fishing is found on the river and in the harbor.

MONCTON.

Here is the heart of the Intercolonial, the centre from which the busy operations of the system are controlled. No one can doubt that he is in what is essentially a railway town. You smell a railway odor in the air; you hear the noise of a railway at all hours of the day and night; you see railway trains going this way and that way, and you meet railway men in all sorts of places. The railway finds Moncton a convenient point, and Moncton is pleased to have the offices and work shops in its midst. It dreamed of such a time as this when it was only known as The Bend, and the railway was merely a vision of the future.

Moncton is now a town of over seven thousand inhabitants, and is still growing. Its streets are spacious and regular. Those in the business portion are lined with stores in which a large amount of business is done. In the other parts of the town are private residences of tasteful design, and in many cases the grounds are arranged in a beautiful manner. Hotels are numerous and their representatives salute the stranger, as he steps from the cars, with a "greeting glee," of which the words "Free Coach," etc., form the burden. There is also a railway dining room at the depot. Various industries incident to a place of this size are successfully carried on. The Sugar Refinery is one of the late additions, and speaks volumes for the enterprise of the leading citizens. A large cotton factory has also been erected. Ship building has been carried on to some extent, and, take it all in all, Moncton is one of the live towns of New Brunswick.

The town is located at the Bend of the Petitcodiac, one of the rivers to which the traveller must get accustomed ere he proceeds much further on his journey. At high water it is quite a majestic stream, though a trifle discolored; at low water the river disappears, with the exception of some water in the channel, and acres of smooth, slippery mud appear. This mud is not a nice thing to get into, but as a fertilizer it is a great success—the manure with which Nature enriches the vast areas of marsh which are found at the head of the Bay of Fundy. The Petitcodiac River, at Moncton, is a good place to see the tide come in with a "bore." Thousands of well read people, trusting to books written by men of imaginative minds, have lived and died in the belief that the tide at the head of the Bay rose 120 feet. Old editions of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* used to say so, and one geographer is responsible for the statement that this extraordinary tide was seen thirty miles away approaching in one vast wave and with a prodigious noise. The truth is, that the Bay of Fundy tides rise as high as 60 feet and upwards, and with great rapidity, but take plenty of time to fall. When they enter certain long and narrow estuaries a bore of six feet, and in some cases even higher, is formed. This is, however, worth seeing, and worth keeping out of the way of, if you are out in a boat and don't know how to manage it; but a traveller who has set his heart on a bore of sixty or a hundred feet is apt to be disappointed.

Seven miles beyond Moncton is Painsec Junction, where the tourist changes cars for

SHEDIAC.

Every one has heard of the Shediac oysters, those marvels of flavor on the half-shell or in an A 1 stew. This is the place where they live when they are at home, and where one may admire their open countenances as they come fresh from their native element. Shediac has more than oysters to recommend it, however, for it is one of the most pleasant summer resorts on this shore. As yet, strangers have hardly found it out, but its beauties are well known to the people of New Brunswick, many of whom pay it a visit during the summer months. All who go to Shediac enjoy themselves. The village of itself is a pretty place, and the locality is a charming one. The harbor is a beautiful

sheet of water, about a mile and a half long, and from three to five miles wide. All around it is a smooth and gently sloping sand beach, affording every facility for bathing in the pleasantly warm water. Bath houses have been erected for those who desire them, and though the water is the salt sea, from the Gulf, there are no under-tows to play tricks upon the weak and unwary. There are neither squalls nor rough seas in the harbor, and it is a splendid cruising ground for pleasure boats. The Island, a short distance away, is much in favor for pleasure parties. A visit to the Cape, one of the prettiest places in the vicinity, will well repay one for the trouble.

Point du Chene, two miles below Shediac, is the deep-water terminus and port of shipment. Here, in the summer, may be seen large numbers of square-rigged vessels, loading with lumber for ports across the ocean. Daily communication is had with Prince Edward Island, by steamer. All that has been said of Shediac applies with equal force to the Point, and the latter has the additional advantage of being close to the sea. The view from the shore on a calm summer day is one which cannot fail to charm. Add to this the fresh, invigorating breezes from the water, excellent bathing and boating, with the advantage of a good hotel, and Point du Chene is one of the places to be sought as a quiet, healthful and restful retreat. One of the curiosities of the place is a boat-slide, the only one in Canada. It is on the principle of a toboggan-slide, and from it the boat and passengers are sent flying over the surface of the water.

A great deal of quiet enjoyment may be had from the trout fishing in this vicinity. The streams most sought by the angler are the Shediac and the Scadouc. On the former, good places are found at Bateman's mill, four miles from the village, and at Gilbert's mill, two miles beyond. Between these places and Point du Chene sea trout may be caught, weighing three and four pounds each. Fishing commences in the latter part of May, and the fly preferred is the red hackle. Down the shore, good fishing is had at Dickey's mill, three miles, and at Aboushagan, eight miles distant. Good bass and mackerel fishing is had in the harbor and off the Island, in the fall. In September and October, three and four-pound bass can be caught from the wharf at Point du Chene.

Oysters, of course, are abundant, while sea-clams mud-clams and lobsters are found everywhere along the shore.

Plover shooting commences on the 1st of September, and good success is had on the shore from Point du Chene to Barachois, a range of about four miles. This shore is also a good place for geese, brant and ducks in the spring and fall, and another good shooting ground is at Grandigue, about eight miles distant by road.

Board is very reasonable and excellent accommodation is provided. The Weldon House, which runs a free carriage to and from the steamers at Point du Chene, is well conducted. The rate is only \$1.50 a day, and board may be secured for \$5 and \$6 a week. The Gulf Port steamers call at Point du Chene, and Shediac and its vicinity shows no small amount of stir in the summer. With fine climate, fresh sea breezes, sunny days and cool nights, the place is remarkably healthy; more than that it is exceedingly pleasant.

The traveller can go from Shediac direct to Prince Edward Island, he can return to Moncton and thence to St. John; or he can return to Painsec and continue his journey south. Taking the latter course, he enters upon a fine country, which becomes more settled and better cultivated as he proceeds. Memramcook is a settlement largely composed of Acadian French. St. Joseph's College and other educational institutions (R.C.) are the chief features of interest. A few miles beyond is Dorchester, prettily situated on rising ground. The Maritime Penitentiary, for long-term prisoners, is a conspicuous object in approaching the village. Copper is mined in the vicinity and ship-building has

been carried on actively for many years. Dorchester has furnished the Province with one of its governors and the Supreme Court with one of its judges. Being the Shiretown of Westmoreland, law and politics enter largely into the elements of its daily life.

Eleven miles beyond this is Sackville, a place which would be quite a town if the houses were closed together, but which is scattered over miles of country. Farming is extensively carried on, and some of the finest cattle in the Lower Provinces are raised here. The thousands of acres of fertile marsh are a rich heritage, and the farmers are fully aware of their value. The Mount Allison College and Academies (Methodist) are located in Sackville and afford every facility for thorough education. They are finely situated and are well attended.

It has been the dream of Sackville, for many years, to have a railway to Cape Tormentine, communicating with Prince Edward Island, and this has now been realized,—the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Railway runs from Sackville to Cape Tormentine.

In the winter, when navigation across the strait is impracticable by ordinary means, Cape Tormentine is the point of arrival and departure for mails and passengers *en route* for P. E. Island by that extraordinary means—the ice-boat. An ice-boat in the common usage of the term denotes a triangular affair on runners, fitted with sails, and speeding along over the smooth ice with a speed which no other kind of craft, or vehicle can hope to equal. This is hardly the kind of boat that crosses the Straits of Northumberland. The traveller, well prepared for the journey, goes by the train to Cape Tormentine, and puts up at the house of the celebrated "Tom Allen." If the weather be clear, and the condition of the ice and water not absolutely bad, he will not be delayed long before the boat is ready to start. The distance to Cape Traverse is about nine miles part solid ice, part drifting ice, part water, and sometimes a great deal of broken ice or "lolly." The "ice-boat" is a strongly built water boat, in charge of trusty men who thoroughly understand the difficult task that is before them. To this boat straps are attached, and each man, passengers included, has one slung over him. So long as there is any foothold, all hands drag the boat alone, and when the water is reached they pull the boat in it and get on board. In this way, sometimes up to the waist in water, but safely held by the strap, pulling and hauling over all kinds of places, the journey is accomplished. Sometimes, when the conditions are good, the trip has less hardships than when a large amount of loose ice is piled across the path; but at any time the "voyage" is sufficiently full of novelty, excitement and exercise, to be remembered for many days. There is nothing like it in the ordinary experience of a traveller. It is an unique style of journeying, yet so far, it is the only sure method of communication with the island in the winter season.

Local sportsmen find fair goose and duck shooting at the lakes above Sackville, and snipe shooting is also carried on to some extent.

Leaving Sackville, the road takes its way over the Tintamarre Marsh for several miles, close to the head of the Bay of Fundy. Au Lac station was the point at which the Baie Verte Canal would have commenced, had it been built. The isthmus at this point is a little over eleven miles wide from water to water, and it is not twenty miles from one anchorage to the other. The country is well settled between the two shores.

A short distance beyond Au Lac is a hill upon which may be seen the ruins of Fort Cumberland, the Beauséjour of the French. Those who would learn its story, and the story of France in this part of America, should read Hannay's History of Acadia, a work which has all the fascination of a romance. "These wasting battlements," he says, "have a sadder history than almost any other piece of ground in Acadia, for they represent the last effort of France to hold on to a portion of that Province which was once all her own, which she seemed to value so little when its possession was secured, yet which she fought so hard to save. This ruin is all that remains of the once potent and dreaded

Beauséjour." The fort once had accommodation for eight hundred men, and was the chief of a system of fortifications on the isthmus. It was taken by Colonel Moncton in June, 1775, and with its fall the struggle in Acadia was at an end. The English gave the place the name of Fort Cumberland. As the years rolled by it was suffered to fall into decay, and now only the ruins remain. "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

AMHERST.

Everyone who visits Amherst gets the impression that it is a busy place. The business portion of the town is compactly built, and there is a stir upon the streets at all hours of the day and evening. The people move around as if they had something to do and meant to do it, and the stores have a business-like aspect agreeable to witness. The location, too, is a pleasant one, on gently rising ground, and the centre of the town is sufficiently near the railway to save trouble and yet not near enough to have discomfort from the noise and bustle of the station yard. The private residences show good taste as well as a regard for comfort, and every street has its flower-gardens, which show careful attention on the part of their possessors. Amherst is a live place, and is rapidly growing in size, with a corresponding increase in the amount of its trade. When the Chignecto Ship Railway, for carrying vessels overland across the isthmus, is constructed, Amherst will be a still more important place. The adjacent country abounds with flourishing settlements which make Amherst a centre, and even the villages across the border favor it largely with their custom.

Numerous pleasant drives may be had around the vicinity of Amherst. One of these is to Fort Cumberland, from which there is a splendid view of the Bay and the surrounding country for many miles. The drive to Baie Verte and vicinity will also prove of interest, and indeed, as the country is well settled and good farms meet the eye in every part, it is hard for one to take a drive which will not afford pleasure.

The shore to the eastward abounds with duck and geese at the proper seasons. This shore is well settled and has some fine harbors. That of Pugwash is an exceptionnally good one, safe, commodious, and deep enough for vessels of any size. Moose are found among the mountains to the south of Amherst and in other places not far away. The east branch of River Philip, 27 miles distant, and Shulee, 40 miles, are both moose grounds.

The best fishing to be had is at Fountain Lake, Westchester, which is reached by going to Greenville station, from which a drive of five miles brings one to Purdy's hotel. Here there is capital accommodation. The lake is about six miles beyond this, a pretty sheet of water which contains a very gamey salmon trout. "Tom, the Hermit," who dwells by the lake, will answer the strangers hallow, and make him at home with the best fishing places. Mr. Purdy will, however, see that the visitor is well fitted out and fully posted on all points.

The chief hotels in Amherst are the Lamy and Terrace, and the charges are very moderate. The Railway Dining Room is well conducted, and every attention is paid to its patrons. One great feature of the line is the ample time allowed for meals. There need be no indecent haste in eating, and one can do full justice to the good cheer placed before him.

The first station of importance after leaving Amherst is Maccan, near which the Chignecto Coal Mines are situated. Stages run from here, daily to Minudie and the Joggins Mines. Minudie does a large business in grindstones, and the Joggins Mines have a heavy annual output of coal. Beyond Maccan is Athol, from which one may take the stage for Parrsboro, and have a pleasant drive of 22 miles through a very beautiful country. If he prefer to go by rail, he can leave the Intercolonial at Spring Hill Junction

and make a journey of 32 miles on the Cumberland Railway. On the way he will see, and may stop at the well-known Spring Hill Mines. Here stands a busy mining village where twelve years ago were but a few farm houses. There are three slopes reaching a depth of something like a thousand feet. The slack, or culm coal, is sent chiefly to the United States; the other kinds are used for home consumption.

PARRSBORO

is a place with rare attractions, and is one of the most eligible summer-resorts in the Maritime Provinces. On this point, its residents and its visitors are alike unanimous in their opinion. Situate

“In the Acadian Land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,”

the scenery in its vicinity ranges from the serenely beautiful to the impressively grand. Sea and land, mountain and valley, lakes, rivers, forest and field, all appear in their most pleasing aspect and unite to form a most harmonious whole.

Parrsboro was settled by the American Loyalists, who, like their companions at the mouth of the St. John named their settlement after Governor Parr. The village has now about 1,200 inhabitants, and is a busy place during the summer months. Large quantities of lumber from the mills in the surrounding country, and of coal from the Spring Hill Mines are shipped from this port. Vessels are continually arriving and departing. The entries and clearances average about five each day and there were nearly a thousand in all last season. Communication is had with St. John, Windsor, Kingsport and Wolfville by steamer, a new, powerful and commodious one having been recently placed on the route.

The tourist who desires to avoid monotony, either of scenery or climate, will find Parrsboro adapted to his wants. A little distance inland is the warm breath of summer, “with spicy odors laden” from the forests and the fields, while upon the shore are the gentle salt-water breezes, not raw and chilly as upon the Atlantic sea-board, but tempered until they become most grateful to the senses. The fogs which sometimes enter the Bay of Fundy rarely intrude here, and never remain sufficiently long to cause a feeling of discomfort.

The most pleasant spot in the vicinity of Parrsboro is Partridge Island, about two miles from the village. It is a peninsula with an area of fifty acres, but becomes an island during high tides, when the water covers the low ground in the rear. From this low ground the land rises grandly to a height of about 250 feet, and exposes a bold and majestic bluff to the waters of the basin. Through the beautiful woods by which it is covered, a road winds gracefully to the summit, the timber being cleared at intervals to allow unobstructed views of the surrounding country. These views are simply glorious. The Basin of Minas, famed for its beauty, is here seen to its best advantage. A splendid panorama of sea and land flashes upon the spectator. Far down, where the waters of Fundy become broad and deep, is seen Cape D’Or overlooking the bay. Nearer, as the channel enters the basin, stand Capes Sharp and Split, like sentinels to guard the pass, while Blomidon, rising from the waves, looks down upon the fair and fertile marshes of Grand Pré—the land of Gabriel and Evangeline. Within the basin, the eye ranges far up into Cobequid Bay and across to where the broad waters of the Avon seek their journey to the sea. All round the shores are seen the tokens of a goodly land and a prosperous people. Here and there are islands of rare beauty, while on all sides the mountains, valleys and plains, blend with a harmony which no painter can portray.

The “Ottawa House,” at Partridge Island, is a first-class hotel, under the management of Mr. Tabor. It is located on a pleasant part of the shore, and will be found

adapted to the requirements of tourists. An hotel, which is more for private board, is also kept by Mr. Kelsoe.

In addition to Partridge Island, the drives and walks in the vicinity of Parrsboro are numerous and most enjoyable. The roads are always good, for the soil is of clean gravel, and mud is unknown at any season of the year. In whatever direction one goes, there are roads upon which it is a pleasure to drive. If another good view is desired, a drive of two miles up the basin to Fraser's Head, or Silver Crag, will be of advantage. Cascade Valley, three or four miles from the village, has a picturesque waterfall, and another, having a descent of perhaps a hundred feet, is found at Moose River, seven miles distant. One of the most attractive drives, however, is to the beautiful Five Islands, twelve miles away. Much of the road thither is romantic in the extreme, presenting all kinds of scenery. For four or five miles the way lies in a gorge between the mountains, while the towering cliffs overshadowing the scene awaken the most sublime emotions. The beauty of Five Islands, too, is something to be long remembered, and, indeed, the place has long had a wide fame, among searchers for the picturesque in Nature. Many prefer to visit Five Islands by sail-boat, and excursions are very frequent. The hotel kept by Mrs. Broderick will be found worthy of patronage.

Those who have never seen one of the curious natural roadways known as horse-backs should take a drive in the direction of River Hebert. This horse-back commences at Fullerton's Bridge, ten miles from Parrsboro, and continues for about eight miles. It much resembles a railway embankment, having the river on one side and low, marshy land on the other. It formed part of the old Military Road to Fort Cumberland, and bears the not specially poetical name of the Boar's Back.

Another pleasant drive is to Advocate Harbor, 30 miles down the shore ; it is hardly necessary to name all of the many drives which are open to the visitor. They are all beautiful ones, through picturesque valleys, amid mountains clothed with every variety of foliage, and by brooks that murmur musically through woodland scenes.

As for trips in yachts and smaller boats, it is enough to say that the Basin of Minas lies before one. Day after day may be spent around its shores, visiting Blomidon, the Islands, and the numerous peaceful bays. Sheltered from rude winds and heavy seas, safe, capacious and beautiful, the Basin has all that pleasure seekers may desire.

Thirteen miles to the north and west of Parrsboro, at Sand River, is found some of the best caribou and moose hunting in Nova Scotia. Here there is a large area in which, from the middle of September to the last of January, an abundance of shooting may be had, both of this game and of bears. Nearer to Parrsboro, are large numbers of partridge, so plenty indeed, that as many as thirty-two have been shot in one afternoon. Geese, brant, ducks and other sea-shore game are abundant around the shores. This part of the country always had a good reputation for sport. Two hundred and fifty years ago, it is written, game was so plenty that the Indians of this part of Acadia had so little exertion to make in hunting that they were considered sedentary in their habits. They have almost disappeared, but the game is still to be found.

This is not notably a salmon country, though some are found in Partridge Island and Five Island rivers, and are present, to a certain extent, in others. The trout fishing is fair, there being plenty of medium size. Partridge Island, Moose, Diligent and Half Way rivers are the best fishing streams. Some sport may also be had at Leak's Lake and Lake Pleasant, close to Parrsboro ; at Fullerton's Lake, nine miles away, and at Gaspereaux Lake, six or seven miles distant. Good salt water fishing may be had in the Basin, where cod, halibut, hake, pollock and haddock are found in abundance. Fresh fish may, therefore, be had all through the season, while the best of farm products are

got from the surrounding country. It is a place where farming can be followed with profit, as is proved by the experience of Dr. Townshend, Collector of Customs. In one year he raised no less than 520 bushels of potatoes from one acre of ground. This extraordinary yield shows that the country is as substantial in its resources as it is beautiful in its appearance, a lively combination of *utile cum dulce*.

Regaining the line of the Intercolonial at Spring Hill Junction, the visitor passes a fine country, of which the settlements seen from the cars convey no proper idea. At Oxford, are extensive factories, one branch of industry being the manufacture of the celebrated Oxford cloths, which have a reputation which has spread even to distant lands. At Thomson connection is made, by stage, with Pugwash; from Greenville, access is had to the Westchester fishing grounds; and at Wentworth stages are taken to Wallace, Tatamagouche and New Annan. A visit to the flourishing villages on the north shore will



FOLLY VIADUCT.

not be time spent in vain. The railway is now ascending the well known Cobequid Mountains, the summit of which it attains at Folly Lake, 607 feet above the sea, the highest point on the line, with the exception of the Summit on the other side of the Metapediac Valley. The scenery while going over the mountains is picturesque. At times the valley is seen far below, the river flowing through its green intervaes, and again the train passes through cuttings where the rocks bear witness to the labor involved in the construction of the road over the mountains. Over the Folly Valley is a viaduct six hundred feet long and eighty-two feet high. It is substantially built and literally "founded upon a rock."

At Londonderry, a branch railway runs to the Acadian Iron Works three miles distant, the operations of which will be of much interest to those not familiar with the manufacture of iron from the ore. Stages also run to the mines, and to Great Village, Economy and Five Islands.

TRURO.

Less than a century and a quarter ago, the land where Truro stands was without a habitation built by Anglo-Saxon hands. The first settlers found one or two old barns which the French had built a few miles from the present town, and being more matter-of-fact than poetical, bestowed the name of Old Barns upon that part of the township. This name survives until the present day, for the people of Nova Scotia have a pride in being conservative, and in preserving their ancient landmarks. Fortunately for the peace of the fashionable society of the town to-day, nothing old, not even a horse, was found on the site of Truro, and so the settlement was honored with a rather euphonious name. Well, it merits a pretty name, for it is a pretty place. The reader may possibly get the idea that the term of "pretty place" is getting somewhat monotonous in these pages, but he must remember that there are various degrees of beauty in places as well as people. Besides, such adjectives as "pretty," when applied to places, and "beautiful," when applied to scenery, are too convenient to be ignored for the sake of synonyms in less general use. Truro, therefore, is pretty, and every visitor must endorse the statement. Its long, wide streets are adorned with shade trees, the houses have lawns and flower gardens beautifully arranged, and the entire town presents a neat and attractive appearance. Yet the town is more than good looking; it is active and enterprising. Quite a number of factories, of various kinds, are in operation, and others are projected. The stores do a brisk business; some of the merchants are direct importers to a large amount; and, as a whole, the commercial aspect makes a favorable impression on the mind of the visitor. The population of the town is between five and six thousand. The Provincial, Normal and Model schools are noteworthy features of the place, while numerous other buildings of a substantial character are found in the various streets. Hotels, too, are abundant. Several are located near the station, but the "Prince of Wales," in the upper part of the town, has the most pleasant location for tourists. It is situated near the County Buildings and faces the public square.

While at Parrsboro, the visitor had a chance of looking up to Cobequid Bay. From Truro he can reverse the picture and look down. By ascending Penny's Mountain, three miles from the Court House, a splendid view is had of the Bay, taking in the range of the North Mountains, terminating at Blomidon, while the river meanders gracefully through the valley on its way to the troubled waters of Fundy. From Wollaston Heights, a mile from the Court House, is found another fine view of the surrounding country, while the best views of the town, down to the bay, are had from Wimburn and Foundry Hills. A drive to Clifton will be found of interest, stopping at Savage's Island, a mile and a half from the town. Here are the traces of a former Indian burial ground, but this circumstance did not give rise to the name of the island. It was called after an old-time owner of the soil—a Savage by name, but not by nature. The wooden monuments of the ancient race can still be seen; and at times the tide, washing away portions of the bank, lays bare the bones of those long since departed "to the Kingdom of Ponemah." The Shubenacadie has a bore similar to that of Petitcodiac which may be seen rushing past the island. After one has seen water coming up here, he can return to Truro and see it going down, in a picturesque cascade, on Leper's Brook, half a mile from the town. No one seems to know how this brook got its peculiar name, but as there is no record of any leper in this part of Canada, the word is probably a corruption of some French name. It may be from *Laper*, to lap, or from *Lapereau*, a young rabbit, or from one of a dozen other words. It doesn't make any difference. Another curious name is that of Bible Hill, which is a beautiful part of Truro. Sam Slick spoke of it as "a situation of

most consummate beauty," and he was a good judge of nature—as well as of human nature.

If one has not seen the Acadian Mines, a drive to them from Truro, a distance of 20 miles is well worth the trouble. The road is good and the scenery fine. Another drive of 20 miles over Tatamagouche Mountains to Farm Lake takes one through a rich variety of Mountain scenery. All the trees of the forest are to be seen on the road, at times on lofty hills, at times in pleasant vales. In many places the branches over-arch the road, and amid these umbrageous shades, the voices of the birds and the music of the brooks falls sweetly on the ear. At the lake, elevated over a thousand feet above the sea, the fisherman may enjoy a calm content amid Nature's beauties, and have a further reward in an abundance of excellent trout. Lake trout of the best quality are found in all of the numerous lakes in this vicinity.

The fishing around Truro is chiefly confined to trout. Salmon exist, but the pursuit of them is usually under difficulties. Sometimes they take the fly, but more times they don't. The North and Salmon Rivers have been re-stocked from the government establishment at Bedford, and will doubtless afford good sport, in time. In the latter river fish known as graylings are caught in large quantities. Some allege that this fish is a trout and others that it is a young salmon. Whatever it may be, it is a lively fish under the rod. It ranges from two to six pounds in weight. When large salmon are caught in this river, it is in the month of August. None of the Nova Scotia rivers are under lease for salmon, and it costs nothing to try one's luck, which may, at times, prove very good. The Shubenacadie and Stewiacke Rivers are worth a trial, and Crystal Lake, near Brookfield, has afforded sport in the past. In the last named rivers the "Admiral" is the favorite fly. Trout and grayling are found in the streams already named, in the Folly and Debert Rivers, and in Folly Lake. The latter is a pretty sheet of water with clusters of islands, and boats are kept for the use of visitors. This lake has also been stocked with white fish from Ontario. The "Red Hackle" is a good fly for any of the lakes; the "Brown Hackle" is good in all places; while the "May Fly" does excellent service in the early part of the season.

A thick forest covers almost all of the range of Mountains from Truro to Tatamagouche Bay, and naturally affords good sport. The best moose ground, however, is among the Stewiacke Mountains, commencing, say, fourteen miles from the town. Johnson's Crossing, five miles, and Riversdale, twelve miles, have also good reputations. Caribou are migratory, and not to be depended on, but a likely place for them is at Pembroke, twenty-three miles distant. Indian guides can be hired in Truro for about a dollar a day. They will do all the cooking and camp work, and are to be relied on in matters of woodcraft.

Partridge are plenty, and after the latter part of July, snipe, plover, and curlew may be bagged on the marshes within a hundred yards of the Court House. Ducks, geese, and brant, frequent the lakes in the fall and spring.

The most profitable kind of game in this county is the fox. The silver and gray reynards are not to be despised; but that rare and valuable creature, the black fox, means something over a hundred dollars a pelt. One of the residents struck a bonanza last winter by trapping four of them, and exchanged their skins for over four hundred dollars in cash. It is but just to add that black foxes are not sufficiently numerous to be a nuisance to the farmers, nor is the trapping of them to be depended on as a permanent means of livelihood.

DOWN AMONG THE COAL MINES.

The branch of the Intercolonial which joins the main line at Truro, passes through the most extensive of the Nova Scotia coal-fields, and ends at Pictou, on the Gulf of

St. Lawrence. Coal is king in this part of the country, and to speak of a respected resident as a "Carboniferous" man, is simply a compliment equivalent to "as good as gold" in other places. It answers the same purpose to say that his conduct as citizen is solidly "based upon conglomerate and amygdaloidal trap;" it is purely a matter of taste as to which is the more elegant term.

Nova Scotia is a very carboniferous sort of country. Coal seams are found in a great many places, while in some instances the deposits are something of which the term "immense" gives the best conception of the area and depth. The strata seen at the Joggins mines, where the sea washes the cliffs, is said to be the best display of the kind in the world. The Pictou field is a continuation of the same field—the great Nova Scotia Coal field, with its 76 seams of coal and a thickness of no less than 14,750 feet of deposits. It took a long time for all this to form. It was so long ago, that every kind of animal which roamed in the forests of the period has been extinct for thousands of years. Yes, the coal fields are pretty old; it took ages to form each one of the seams; and yet when the fisherman



barks his shins on the granite rocks of the Nepisiguit he feels something a good deal older than the coal. It may mitigate his wrath and repress his profanity to know that he is bruised by what was part of the bottom of an ocean, "before a single plant had been called into existence of the myriads entombed in the coal deposits." So it will be seen that coal is quite a *parvenu*, as compared with some of the old geological families; but it is old enough for all practical purposes where man is concerned.

To say that the scenery along the line from Truro to New Glasgow is magnificent, would be an unwarrantable departure from the standard of probity elevated by the late talented proprietor of Mt. Vernon, Virginia. It is not interesting, and that is all that is necessary to be said. Stellarton, where some of the celebrated coal mines are situated, is forty miles from Truro, and three miles beyond this is

NEW GLASGOW.

The names of the place and of its residents are in complete harmony. Here, as in other parts of Pictou County, everything is as essentially Scotch as it can be after a growth of a century on the soil of America. Old and immortal names in Scotland's history adorn shop after shop and descendants of those who fought with Bruce and Wallace stand behind the counters, surrounded by all the insignia of peace. New Glasgow is a town in which a great deal of industry is manifest. Many fine vessels have been built here, and Iron Works, Steel Works and Glass Works speak most favorably for its enterprise. It has some fine buildings, the Masonic Hall among the number, and a full supply of hotels. The Eastern Extension Railway runs from here to the Strait of Canseau, and affords an easy means of communication with the island of Cape Breton.

The nearest place from which a good view of the surrounding country can be had is Fraser's Mountain, about a mile and a half from the town. This view takes in Prince Edward Island, Pictou and Pictou Island, and down the shore as far as Cape St. George, besides the country in the rear. He who wants to see coal mines and some good scenery as well, should drive to Stellarton, through the collieries, calling also at Middle River and winding up at Fitzpatrick's Mountain, Green Hill. From the latter place the country can be seen in all directions for a distance of something like forty miles. A drive to Little Harbor, six or seven miles, and a bathe in the salt-

water is also "not hard to take." At Sutherland's River, six miles distant, is a fine waterfall with picturesque surroundings.

Gentle reader, were you ever in a coal mine? If not, and not likely to be, get some able-bodied friend, a tub and a rope, and allow the former to lower the latter and yourself into a dark, damp and not over clean cellar where there is a coal bin. This method is cheap, safe and convenient, and has many points of resemblance to the genuine article. If you must visit a mine, however, visit one of those in Pictou County. You will have no trouble in finding one, and after rambling among the darkness a thousand feet or so under the earth, you will feel glad to see daylight again. Some one has said that no one can appreciate cold water so well as a man who suffers from the thirst following a debauch; no one can better realize the beauty of green fields, the blessing of pure air, and the glory of the sunlight than one who has been down among the coal mines.

PICTOU

is an old, important and well-known town. The harbor is a beautiful and well sheltered one—the best in this part of Nova Scotia. The town, rising on a hill, makes a particularly good appearance from the water. A closer inspection shows some fine buildings, such as the Custom House, Court House, Christian Association Building, Pictou Academy, the Convent, Chapel, and a number of Churches. Vessels of all sizes and rigs are in the harbor and at the wharves, and the scene is altogether an inspiring one. The town does a large shipping business, and vast quantities of coal are sent from here to places near and far. Business of other kinds is brisk, and large numbers of travellers visit the place during the summer. A line of steamers runs to Prince Edward Island—the P. E. I. Steam Navigation Co. making four trips a week to Charlottetown.

Some good scenery may be found in the vicinity of Pictou. In the town an admirable view of the surrounding country and the waters to the north and east may be enjoyed from the roof of the Academy. Drives in the vicinity of East, West and Middle Rivers will also repay one. Fitzpatrick's Mountain and Green Hill have already been mentioned, and another good view is from Mount Thom. Another drive is down the shore to Caribou Point and between Caribou River and River John. For bathing, a good place is at Caribou Cove, less than two miles from the town, where there is a fine sandy beach. Other good bathing places and good views may also be found with little trouble. The county, with its low land along the shores and hills and valleys in the interior, its lakes and its rivers, has many scenes of real beauty for the lover of Nature.

The fishing in the county is chiefly confined to trout. Salmon enter the streams only in the spawning season, about the first of September, and go out before the ice begins to form.

The trout streams are Barney's, French and Sutherland Rivers and River John. These have good sea trout during the summer. Middle and West Rivers have small runs of trout; but, taken as a whole, the rivers in this vicinity have been pretty well "fished out." Fine trout are, however, taken at times in Maple and McQuanie's Lakes. Some good sport may be found in fishing for mackerel, cod, etc., on the coast.

The country to the southward of Pictou has an abundance of moose. Let one take a trip, with guides, from West River, through Glengarry, Stewiacke, Nelson's and Sunny Brae, and over to Caledonia, or Guysboro, and he is pretty sure to have fair luck. Caribou are found at times, but moose is the chief game to be relied on. Bears are plenty, and so are partridge. Along the shore, snipe, plover, curlew, geese and all kinds of ducks are found in large numbers.

ANNO MURIUM.

Somewhere around this part of Nova Scotia the stranger may be fortunate enough to find one of the very oldest inhabitants who was an eye-witness to those most extraordinary events which happened in the Year of the Mice. The younger generation appear to know little about it, though it was a memorable epoch in the history of the country. It was, in fact, a plague of mice, which visited Pictou, Colchester and Antigonish, as well as Prince Edward Island. As long ago as 1699, Dierville wrote that the latter place had a plague either of mice or locusts every seven years, but in more modern times the phenomenon has been witnessed but once. That once was enough.

It was in the year 1815 that the mice took a "Grand Farewell Benefit," in the presence of a large but far from admiring audience. They began to show themselves at that period in the year when the Spring Poet warbles and the sap runs from the maples. By planting time their numbers had augmented to an extent which struck terror to the hearts of the people; and the cry was; "Still they come!" They were not little field mice, such as Burns has immortalized, but were more nearly of the size of rats. If Burns had been there he would not have stopped to write poetry, but would have got out a field roller and crushed them by the thousand. They ate everything that mice can eat, and nearly ate up the people, for when molested they sat on their haunches and squealed defiance with their glistening teeth laid bare. As with the rats at Hamelin Town in Brunswick:

"They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

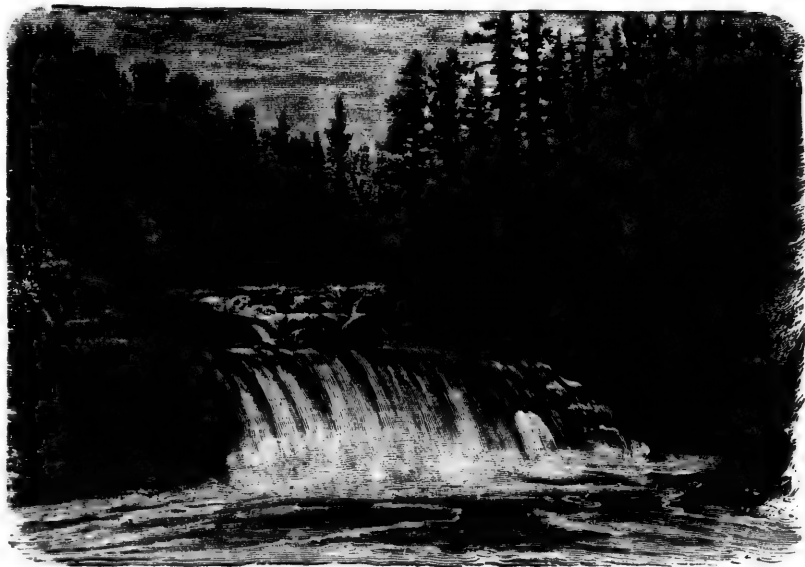
It took a brave dog to face a mob of them, and ordinary cats proved that good generalship is often shown by a timely and skilful retreat. Dr. Patterson, in his History of Pictou, is authority for the statement a farmer attempted to sow oats at Merigomish, and was disgusted to find that the mice ate them as fast as he sowed. Finding that his labor simply amounted to feeding part of a hungry horde, he finally got out of patience, threw all his oats at them and went home in intense disgust. Spreading over the country as the season advanced, they devoured all before them. Acres were stripped of growing crops, and still the mice grew and their appetites increased apace. Trenches were dug, and all sorts of expedients resorted to, but in vain. The mice question became an absorbing one, when all at once the intruders made up their minds to get up and get. But, like the army of Napoleon in Russia, and the followers of De Soto to the Mississippi, death marched in their midst. Thousands of those that had achieved such brilliant conquests lay down and died. Thousands more reached the sea-shore, but only to die. All along the coast their bodies lay piled up in masses like lines of sea-weed, and for many weeks the fish caught in the bays were found to have their maws filled with the remains of the annihilated army of mice.

For many years after this remarkable visitation, it was the custom of many of the people to reckon births, marriages, deaths, etc., as being such and such a time after the year of the mice. *Anno Murium* took the place of *Anno Domini*; but as succeeding generations grew up, this system of chronology became obsolete; and it has long since ceased to be known, save to the ones who "were there and helped kill 'em."

ANTIGONISH.

If you want to find able-bodied men, go to Antigonish. Here you will find the descendants of Highlanders who look able for all comers. Six feet and odd inches tall are they, and stout in proportion.

Antigonish is called the prettiest village in Eastern Nova Scotia. Its neat, tidy dwellings stand amid beautiful shade trees on low ground, while the hills rise in graceful cones near at hand. Among these hills are sweet and pleasant valleys and the brooks are as clear as crystal. The village is the capital of the county, and is also the seat of the Bishop of Antigonish. St. Ninian's Cathedral is a fine edifice, built of stone and erected at a large expense. It is said to seat about 1,200 persons. St. Francois Xavier College is situated near it, and has a large attendance. The community is largely



FALLS OF THE TARTAGUE RIVER.

composed of Scotch Catholics, and as many of the older people speak Gaelic only, sermons are preached in that as well as the English language. The harbor is eight miles from the village and has a good, though rather shallow, beach. The village has several hotels.

Though the word "Antigonish" means Big Fish River, yet the fishing in this vicinity does not amount to much. The shooting, also, is poor, but good scenery is plenty. The "Lord's Day Gale" and other storms have done a large amount of injury to the forests, but enough beauty remains to satisfy the sightseer. By all odds, the most attractive spot is at Lochaber Lake, on the road to Sherbrooke, six miles from the village. This lake is about six miles long and the road runs along its bank for the entire distance, amid foliage of the most attractive character. The water is very deep, and remarkably clear and pure,

while the banks rise abruptly from it and have a very beautiful effect. It was of this lake that the late Hon. Joseph Howe said,

"Far down the ancient trees reflected lie,
Stem, branch and leaf, like fairy tracery,
Wave 'round the homes of some enchanting race,
The guardian nymphs of this delightful place."

The Sherbrooke road is a good way by which to reach some of the fishing and hunting grounds of Guysboro. By going about 20 miles St. Mary's River is reached, at the Forks. Here there is good fishing, all along the river, and good accommodation may be had at Melrose. From here to the Stillwater Salmon Pools is seven miles, and some fine salmon may be caught. Sherbrooke, a few miles lower down, is a very pretty place, and here one may catch not only fine sea trout, but salmon ranging from fifteen to forty pounds in weight. The fly best suited to this river is one with light yellow body and dark yellow wings. In the other salmon rivers the "Admiral" is a favorite, as well as another with turkey wing, gray body and golden pheasant tail. Guysboro Lakes have fine trout in them. The mountains of this county, too, are the haunts of moose and caribou. It is an excellent country for sport.

Following the railway from Antigonish, one may stop at Tracadie, where there is a fine harbor and a splendid view of St. George's Bay and the Gulf. There is fair fishing in the vicinity. Here there is a Trappist Monastery, the brothers of which have mills in operation and are also expert farmers. Nearly all the land in the county is fertile, and fruit can be raised with good success. There is also an Indian Reservation at Tracadie, and plenty of the aborigines are found along the shore.

The railway runs down to the Strait of Canseau amid picturesque mountains, with fine views of the Bay to the north, as far as Cape St. George. On reaching Pirates' Harbor, a brakeman puzzles the traveller by shouting, "Strait of Canseau! All who are going to take the boat stay aboard this car!" This does not mean that the car and boat cross in company, but that the train will run up to Port Mulgrave, the deep water terminus. Before going, however, one will want to see a little of this side of this famous Strait.

The Strait of Canseau, the great highway between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic coast, is some fourteen miles in length and about a mile in width. It is of itself a picture worth coming far to see, on account of its natural beauty; but when on a summer's day hundreds of sail are passing through, the scene is one to delight an artist's soul. On the Nova Scotia side the land is high and affords a glorious view, both of the Strait and of the western section of Cape Breton. The prospect both up and down the strait is pleasing in the extreme.

At Pirates' Harbor there is excellent bathing and some bold and impressive scenery. Some fair trout fishing may be found near at hand. Morrison's Lake, which lies under the shadow of Mount Porcupine, is two miles from the wharf, and is reached by an easy road. Big Tracadie Lake is three and a half miles distant; and Chisholm's Lake lies between the one last mentioned and the highway. The road is a good one and through a settled country. To the southward of the wharf are the Goose Harbor Lakes, a chain which extends from three miles beyond Pirates Harbor to the southern coast of Guysboro.

CAPE BRETON.

The limits of this work will allow but a passing glance at this valuable portion of Nova Scotia—a place which retains so much of its natural and primeval beauty, and which evokes the warmest praises from all who journey over its face or traverse its noble waters.

Taking the Railway ferry steamer at Mulgrave, the trip across the strait is soon made. On the way a headland to the northward, on the Nova Scotia side, will attract some attention. It is Cape Porcupine, and from its summit the telegraph wires once crossed to Plaister Cove, high over the waters. The strongest of wires were used, but breaks would occur at times and then all cable business between England and America, by the way of Newfoundland, had to wait until the break was repaired. Submarine cables are now used and give less trouble. Arriving at Port Hawkesbury the traveller can take a steamship which makes daily connections with trains, and lands passengers at the head of East Bay, ten miles from Sydney. Another steamer makes a trip every second day. These steamers call at St. Peter's Canal, and then proceed up the famed Bras D'Or.

Who can describe the beauties of this strange ocean lake, this imprisoned sea which divides an island in twain? For about fifty miles its waters are sheltered from the ocean of which it forms a part, and in this length it expands into bays, inlets, and romantic havens, with islands, peninsulas and broken lines of coast—all combining to form a scene of rare beauty, surpassing the power of pen to describe. At every turn new features claim our wonder and admiration. Here a cluster of fairy isles, here some meandering stream, and here some narrow strait leading into a broad and peaceful bay. High above tower the mountains, with their ancient forests, while at times bold cliffs, crowned with verdure, rise majestically toward the clouds. Nothing is common, nothing tame; all is fitted to fill the mind with emotions of keenest pleasure.

Sydney is an old and eminently respectable town. The Sydney coal is known wherever coal is burned, and the quantity of this article available in the coal fields of the island is estimated at a thousand million tons. This does not include seams under four feet in thickness, nor the vast body of coal which lies under the bed of the ocean between Cape Breton and Newfoundland.* Sydney has a splendid harbor, and is a coaling port for ocean steamers. It is a pleasant place to visit, and is well supplied with hotels and private boarding houses.

North Sydney is a lively business place, and is reached from Sydney by a ferry steamer, making three trips daily, and by a daily stage. Stages also run to Glace Bay, Langan, Cow Bay, and all other points of interest. The chief hotels at North Sydney are the Presto and Belmont.

While space will not allow even a mention of many of the places of interest in Cape Breton, there is one which merits more than a passing notice. It is Louisbourg, once one of the strongest fortified cities of the world, but now a grass-grown ruin where not one stone is left upon another. Once it was a city with walls of stone which made a circuit of two and a half miles, were thirty-six feet high, and of the thickness of forty feet at the base. For twenty-five years the French had labored upon it, and had expended upwards of thirty millions of livres in completing its defences. It was called the Dunkirk of America. Garrisoned by the veterans of France, and with powerful batteries commanding every point, it bristled with the most potent pride of war. To-day it is difficult to trace its site among the turf which marks the ruins. Seldom has demolition been more complete. It seemed built for all time; it has vanished from the face of the earth.

Every New Englander should visit Louisbourg. Its capture by the undisciplined New England farmers, commanded by William Pepperal, a merchant ignorant of the art of war, is one of the most extraordinary events in the annals of history. The zealous crusaders set forth upon a task, of the difficulties of which they had no conception, and

they gained a triumph which should make their names as immortal as those of the "noble six hundred." It was a feat without a parallel—a marvel among the most marvellous deeds which man has dared to do.

Restored to France by the peace of Aix la Chapelle, Louisbourg was again the stronghold of France on the Atlantic coast, and French veterans held Cape Breton, the key to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The brief truce was soon broken, and then came the armies of England, and Wolfe sought and won his first laurels in the new world. Louisbourg fell once more and the knell of its glory was rung. The conquest of Canada achieved, the edict went forth that Louisbourg should be destroyed. The work of demolition was commenced. The solid buildings, formed of stone brought from France, were torn to pieces; the walls were pulled down, and the batteries rendered useless for all time. It took two years to complete the work of destruction, and then the once proud city was a shapeless ruin. Years passed by; the stones were carried away by the dwellers along the coast; and the hand of time was left to finish the work of obliteration. Time has been more merciful than man; it has covered the gloomy ruins with a mantle of green and has healed the gaping wounds which once rendered ghastly the land which Nature made so fair. The surges of the Atlantic sound mournfully upon the shore—the requiem of Louisbourg, the city made desolate.

Another Louisbourg exists to-day, across the harbor from the site of the former city. It has a population of about 1000 and is reached by the Sydney & Louisbourg Railway, a narrow gauge line, 31 miles in length. The fare from Sydney is only 75 cents and tourists should make the trip. Some fine scenery is found on the road at Catalone Lake and Miré. The Louisbourg Land Co.'s Hotel affords good accommodation; and apart from its historic interest the place is worthy of a visit. The site of old Louisbourg may be visited and the lines of some of the fortifications traced, and one who has a history which gives a good account of the sieges may be interested and instructed in following out the plans of the attacking parties. Then there is a magnificent harbor which opens on the broad ocean, and one may enjoy all the pleasures of life by the sea-shore. The views are admirable, and altogether a large amount of pleasure may be had.

Lake Ainslie and the Margarie River are great fishing resorts on the Island, having both salmon and trout. They are reached by going to Port Hastings and travelling from twenty to thirty-five miles, by road. River Dennis, another good locality, is reached by taking one of the Bras D'Or steamers to Whycocomogh. Other good fishing may be had in the various streams of the Island.

The counties of Inverness and Victoria occupy the northern part of Cape Breton, and are to a great extent wild and unsettled. Taking the steamer to Baddeck a few hours' journey will take one into a country where moose and caribou are plenty, and where he may either camp out among the mountains in the depth of the forest or make his head-quarters among the well-to-do farmers in the occasional settlements.

Cape North and Cape St. Lawrence are the extreme northerly points of the Island and from the former to Newfoundland is a little over sixty miles. The ocean cable is landed at Aspy Bay.

From Cape St. Lawrence it is only fifty miles to the Magdalen Islands. These waters have seen terrible destruction of life and property. One of the most notable was the Lord's Day Gale, of 23rd August, 1873, which carried mourning to the homes of so many fishermen's families in Massachusetts and the Provinces. Traces of this

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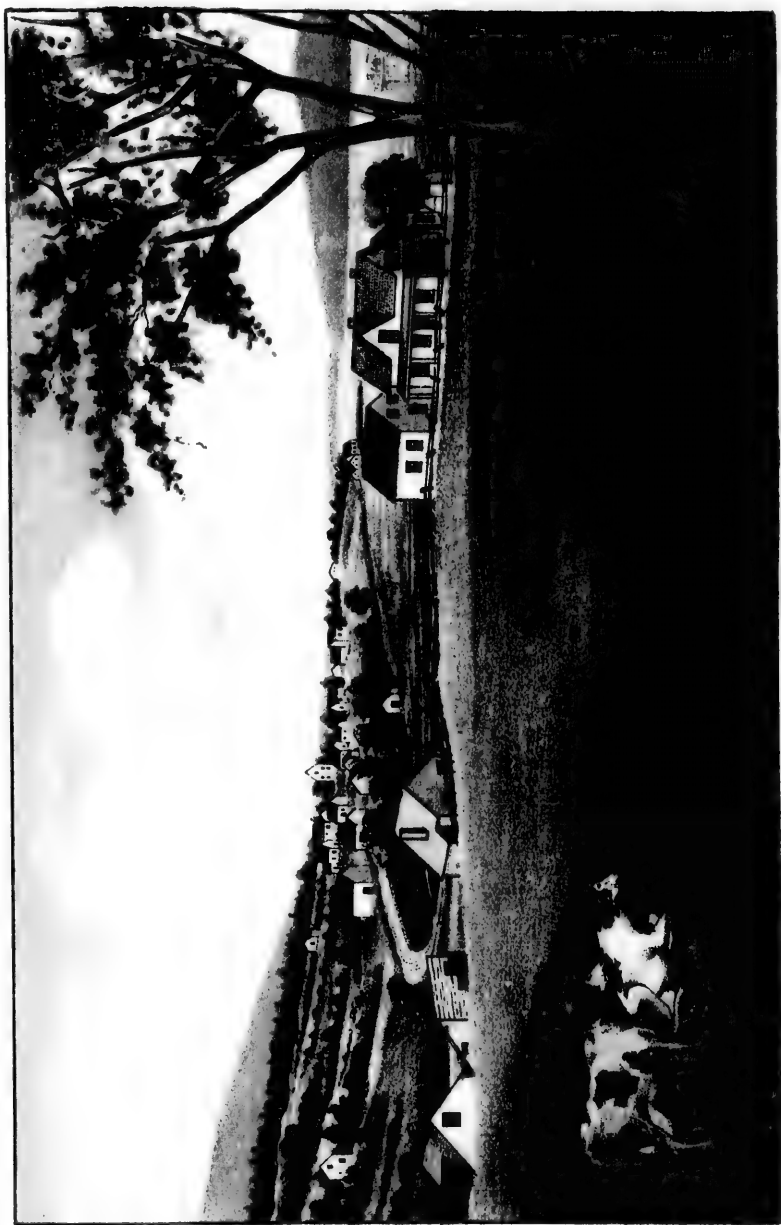
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terrible gale are to be found all along the shore on this part of the Gulf. The graphic description by E. C. Stedman is only too faithful :

Cape Breton and Edward Isle between,
In strait and gulf the schooners lay ;
The sea was all at peace, I ween,
The night before that August day ;
Was never a Gloucester skipper there,
But thought erelong, with a right good fare,
To sail for home from St. Lawrence Bay.

The East Wind gathered all unknown,—
A thick sea-cloud his course before ;
He left by right the frozen zone
And smote the cliffs of Labrador ;
He lashed the coast on either hand,
And betwixt the Cape and Newfoundland
Into the Bay his armies pour.

He caught our help'ess cruisers there
As a gray wolf harries the huddling fold ;
A sleet—a darkness—filled the air,
A shuddering wave before it rolled :
That Lord's Day morn it was a breeze,—
At noon, a blast that shook the seas,—
At night—a wind of death took hold !

From Saint Paul's light to Edward Isle
A thousand craft it smote amain ;
And some against it strove the while,
And more to make a port were fain :
The mackerel gulls flew screaming past,
And the stick that bent to the noonday blast
Was split by the sundown hurricane.

There were twenty and more of Breton sail,
Fast anchored on one mooring ground ;
Each lay within his neighbor's hail,
When the thick of the tempest closed them round :
All sank at once in the gaping sea,—
Somewhere on the shoals their corse be,
The foundered hulks, and the seamen drowned.

On reef and bar our schooners drove
Before the wind, before the swell ;
By the steep sand cliff their ribs were stove,—
Long, long their crews the tale shall tell !
Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks three score ;
Of the Province sail two hundred more
Were stranded in that tempest fell.

TRURO TO HALIFAX.

An abrupt transition from the wild and rugged scenery of Cape Breton to the fair inland villages of Colchester, and soon we are among the Stewiackes. This is a fine part of the country, the most flourishing portion of which is not seen from the railway. Large tracts of rich intervale and excellent upland make the district a good one for the farmer,—one of the finest in Nova Scotia. Through this district flows the Stewiacke

river, which takes its rise among the hills of Pictou and flows for forty miles, or so, until it empties into the Shubenacadie at Fort Ellis. The Shubenacadie is a large and swift stream, and was at one time looked upon as the future highway of commerce across the Province. More than half a century ago the people of Halifax grew excited over the idea that the trade of the basin of Minas was being carried to St. John. Nature had placed a chain of lakes at the source of the river, and it would seem that art would have little trouble in constructing a canal. Meetings were held, surveys and speeches were made, money was subscribed and the work was commenced. It was never finished, and never will be. The enthusiasm subsided, the supplies ceased, and the Great Shubenacadie Canal was abandoned. The ruins still exist, but the railway has taken the place of a canal for all time to come.

Both the Stewiacke and Shubenacadie have good fishing, and so have the lakes beyond the latter as Windsor Junction is approached. Grand Lake has fine grayling fishing in June, July, September and October. Some years ago, 120,000 whitefish were put into this lake and are doing well. All the lakes of Halifax county afford good fishing, but the rivers, with a few exceptions, are short and rapid streams which become very low during the summer season.

The country from Shubenacadie, east to Canseau abounds with moose and other game, as has already been intimated in connection with Guysboro.

Windsor Junction, 14 miles from Halifax, has admirable facilities for the pasturage of goats, and the procuring of ballast for breakwaters. Here the line branches off to Windsor, and down the Annapolis Valley by the W. & A. Railway. Passing by the Junction, the next station is Bedford, nine miles from Halifax, and here is seen the upper end of that beautiful sheet of water—Bedford Basin. Along its shores the train passes and as the city becomes nearer the beauty of the scene increases. At length the city is reached and the traveller alights in one of the finest of the Intercolonial structures, the North Street Depot.

HALIFAX.

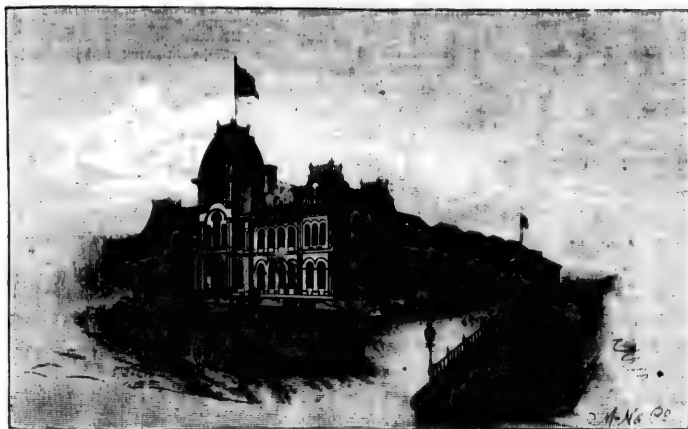
Everybody has heard of Halifax, the city by the sea, and of its fair and famous harbor. This harbor they have been told, is one of the finest in the world—a haven in which a thousand ships may rest secure, and yet but a little removed from the broad ocean highway which unites the eastern and the western worlds. They have been told, also, that this harbor is always accessible and always safe; and all of this, though true enough, does the harbor of Halifax but scanty justice. All harbors have more or less of merit, but few are like this one. Here there is something more than merely a roomy and safe haven—something to claim more than a passing glance. To understand this we must know something of the topography of the city.

Halifax is located on a peninsula and founded on a rock. East and west of it the sea comes in, robbed of its terrors and appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the Northwest Arm, a stretch of water about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbor, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus and rises from the water to a height of 256 feet at the citadel. On the eastern side of the harbor is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbor, and commanding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, HALIFAX.

from the sea. This is a brief and dry description of the city. It would be just as easy to make a longer and more gushing one, but when people are going to see a place for themselves they don't take the bother to wade through a long account of metres, bounds and salient angles. Halifax must be seen to be appreciated.

Halifax is a strong city in every way. It has great strength in a military point of view; it has so many solid men that it is a tower of strength financially; it is strongly British in its manners, customs and sympathies; and it has strong attractions for visitors. Let us analyze some of these points of strength.

First, the military. There was a time when the military element was necessarily the first to be considered. One of the first acts of the first settlers was to fire a salute in honor of their arrival, and as soon as Governor Cornwallis had a roof to shelter his head, they placed a couple of cannon to defend it and mounted a guard. They had need of military. Indians saw in their arrival a probable "boom" in scalps, and every Indian in the neighborhood sharpened his knife for the anticipated "hum." These Indians were neither the devotional ones whom Cowper holds up for the imitation of Sunday-school scholars, nor yet the playful and docile ones who borrowed tobacco of the late William Penn. They were savages, as destitute of pity and sentiment as they were of decent clothes. It was, therefore, essential that the men of Halifax should be of a military turn of mind, and every boy and man, from sixteen to sixty years of age, did duty in the ranks of the militia. Later the town became an important military and naval station; ships of the line made their rendezvous in the harbor and some of England's bravest veterans were quartered in its barracks. Princes, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, captains and colonels walked the streets from time to time, guns boomed, flags waved, drums beat and bugles sounded, so that the pride and panoply of war were ever before the people. And so they are to-day. The uniform is seen on every street, and fortifications meet the eye at every prominent point.

Chief among the fortifications is the Citadel, which crowns the city, commenced by the Duke of Kent, and altered, varied and transposed, until it has become a model of military skill. Its history has been a peaceful one and is likely to be. If it should be assailed it appears well able for a siege. The citizens, too, are truly loyal to the Crown; and the people who expect to hurrah when the British flag is lowered in

submission to Provincial Home Rulers or foreign foes will have a long while to wait. Visitors are allowed to inspect the works, but the man who always follows Captain Cuttle's advice to make a note of what he sees, is recommended to refrain from using pencil and paper within the limits of any of the forts. It is bad taste; and, besides, the authorities will not permit it.

The seeker after a good view of the city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the Harbor with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbor, is seen to fine advantage, while on the waters around the city are seen the ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the view on a fine summer's day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

The fortifications on McNab's and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, are all worthy of a visit. After they have been seen, the visitor will have no doubts as to the exceeding strength of Halifax above all the cities of America. The Dockyard, with splendid examples of England's naval power, is also an exceedingly interesting place, and always presents a picture of busy life in which the "oak-hearted tars" are a prominent feature.

The financial strength of Halifax is apparent at a glance. It is a very wealthy city, and as its people have never had a mania for speculation, the progress to wealth has been a sure one. The business men have always had a splendid reputation for reliability and honorable dealing. The banks are safe, though the people did business until comparatively recent times without feeling that such institutions were necessary. A Cash business and specie payments suited their wants. At length several leading men started a bank. They had no charter and were surrounded by no legislative enactments. No one knew how much capital they had, or what amount of notes they had in circulation. No one cared. They were "solid men," and that was enough; and so they went on for years—always having the confidence of the public and always being as safe as any bank in America. The chartered banks now do the work, but the solid men of Halifax are still to be found, in business and out of it.

Halifax is the most British city on the continent. Long association with the army and navy has accomplished this. There are some Provincial people who after a six-months sojourn in the United States are very much more American than the simon-pure Yankee. This could not happen to the citizens of Halifax. They are, for once and for all, the faithful and liege subjects of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and the fashions and tastes of the people must be governed by the land beyond the sea. So the people have all that is admirable in English business circles and polite society. That is to say, they preserve their mercantile good names by integrity, and their homes are the scenes of good old-fashioned English hospitality. A stranger who has the *entrée* into the best society will be sure to carry away the most kindly recollections of his visit. In no place will more studious efforts be made to minister to the enjoyment of the guest—it matters not what his nationality may be.

The strong attractions for visitors are so numerous that a city guide-book is necessary to explain them in their proper order. The drives can be varied according to the taste and the time of sojourn. To skirt the city one may drive down the Point Pleasant road and up the N. W. Arm. This gives a fine view of the harbor and its objects of interest. The Arm is a beautiful place, and around it are many elegant private residences, the homes of men of wealth and taste. This is one of the most pleasant

parts of Halifax. From the arm one may drive out on the Prospect road, and around Herring Cove. The view of the ocean had from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin, coming home by the way of Dartmouth; or one may extend the journey to Waverly and Porto Bello, before starting for home, the drive being in all twenty-seven miles. If one has a fancy for bathing in the surf, he should go to where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, at Cow Bay. This beautiful place, which furnishes another instance of the horribly literal nomenclature of the early settlers, is ten miles from Halifax, on the Dartmouth side. The drive to it is through a pretty piece of country. All around Halifax are bays, coves, islands and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit, so that the tourist may see as much or as little as he pleases. Excursions to McNab's Island, at the mouth of the harbor, are also in order during the fine days of summer.

In the city itself, there is a great deal to be seen. It is expected that strangers will visit the Fish Market, and it will be well to attend to this before it is forgotten. The people are proud of it—not the building but its contents—and the visit is a very interesting one, to those who like to see fish. Then, of course, one must go to the Province Building, which Judge Haliburton claimed to be “the best built and handsomest edifice in North America.” Then comes the new Province Building, with its fine museum open to the public. After these come the churches, asylums, and all kinds of public institutions—some of which bear glowing tribute to the charity and philanthropy of the people. Halifax has a large number of charities in proportion to its size, and the results cannot fail to be good. The Public Garden belonging to the city will be found a most pleasant retreat, with its trees and flowers, fountains, lakes, and cool and shady walks. Here one may enjoy the fragrance of nature in all its glory, while the eye is feasted with nature's beauties.

One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water, broad, deep, blue and beautiful. Here it is that yachts and boats of all kinds are to be found taking advantage of so fair a cruising ground, spreading their sails before the breezes which come in from the Atlantic. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stand on a height which overlooks the water. The “Prince's Lodge,” as it is called, may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory, and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honor by the Halifax people.

Halifax has communication with all parts of the world, by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamships with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port of call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States, and the West Indies, and from here, also, one may visit the fair Bermudas, or the rugged Newfoundland. Steamers arrive and depart at all hours, and the harbor is never dull. One can go to Europe or any of the leading places of America without delay—Liverpool, Glasgow, the West Indies, New York, Boston, Portland, Newfoundland and Quebec—these are some of the points with which direct communication is had by steamer. The man who wants a sea voyage can take his choice.

OUTSIDE OF HALIFAX.

The traveller may go east or west along the shore, according as his taste may be for sport or for a mere pleasure trip. To the eastward is a somewhat wild country, on

the shores of which fishing is extensively carried on, and which has numerous arms of the sea which admirably suit the occupation of its people. Back from the shore, the country abounds in heavy forests, and is abundantly watered with lakes. This is the great country for moose and caribou. They are found in all the eastern part of the country, and within easy distance of the settlement. Here is the place for sportsmen—a hunter's paradise. It was down in this county, at Tangier, that the first discovery of gold was made in Nova Scotia. The finder was a moose hunter, a captain in the army. Gold mining is still followed, and some of the leads have given splendid results.

To the west of Halifax the great attraction is to take the Lunenburg stage line and go to Mahone Bay. The drive is one of the most beautiful to be found. For much of the way the road skirts a romantic sea shore, with long smooth beaches of white sand, on which roll the clear waters of the ocean. The ocean, grand in its immensity, lies before the traveller. Along the shore are green forests, wherein are all the flora of the country, while at times lofty cliffs rear their heads in majesty crowned with verdure and glorious to behold. One of these is Aspotagoen, with its perpendicular height of five hundred feet, the first land sighted by the mariner as he approaches the coast. All these beauties prepare the stranger for Chester, a most alluring place for all who seek enjoyment. It is only 45 miles from Halifax, the road to it is excellent, and the stages are models of speed and comfort. The village has two hotels and private board is also to be had with all the comforts one desires. The scenery of Chester is not to be described. It is magnificent. Whether one ascends Webber's Hill and drinks in the glorious views for mile upon mile; or roams on the pure, silvery beach; or sails among the hundreds of fairy islets in the bay—all is of superb beauty. No fairer spot can be chosen for boating, bathing and healthful pleasure of all kinds than Mahone Bay and its beautiful surroundings.

The fishing of this part of Nova Scotia is to a great extent for sea trout, which are found in the estuaries of all the rivers. Salmon is found where the river is of good volume and the passage is not barred. Gold River, at the head of Mahone Bay, has good salmon fishing in May and June. In the other rivers to the westward the best time is in March and April. The sea trout are found in the estuaries at all times during the summer. To the east of Halifax, fine sea trout are caught in Little Salmon River, seven miles from Dartmouth, in the month of September, while further down both salmon and sea trout are caught from June to September in such streams as the Musquodoboit, Tangier, Sheet Harbor, Middle and Big Salmon River. Besides this, it will be remembered that trout are found in all of the many lakes.

Returning to Halifax, to bid it adieu, the visitor will have leisure to examine the Intercolonial Depot before the departure of the train. The building is a fine specimen of architecture, handsome in appearance, roomy, comfortable and in every way adapted to the wants of the travelling public. It is so well fitted up, and so convenient, that the ordinary nuisance of having to wait for a train is so thoroughly mitigated that it is converted into a pleasure.

The trains of the Windsor & Annapolis Railway run from this depot, and can be taken twice a day by those who wish to visit the fair Annapolis Valley. The main line is left at Windsor Junction, and the traveller prepares himself to see the beauties of the "Garden of Nova Scotia."

Do not be in a hurry! The garden is not in sight yet—these rocks and scraggy woods are not part of it—and it will be just as well not to look out of the window for a while, until the land assumes a more cheerful aspect. This will not be long. The appearance of the country improves after a few miles of travel and soon becomes

really attractive. Windsor is reached—classic Windsor—and the broad Avon River is crossed by a splendid iron bridge.

No one can deny that Windsor is a pretty place, with its hills, meadows, and the Basin of Minas within view. The Avon is a noble river at high water—at low water its banks of mud are stupendous. It is the tide from the Basin which gives the river its beauty, as it does nearly a score of other rivers, great and small. Despite of the mud, Windsor has a peculiar charm about its scenery and well merits the name of one of Nova Scotia's beautiful towns. Leaving Windsor the road ere long enters the country which Longfellow has made famous. Since "Evangeline" was composed, no one has ever written of this part of Nova Scotia without quoting more or less of the poem. It is considered the correct thing to do so, but for once there shall be an exception to the rule. The temptation is great, but it is nobly resisted. People know Evangeline without having it done up to them in fragments. Let the task be left to newspaper correspondents, and to the noble army of those who have written "Lines on the death of Longfellow."

Grand Pré, as all know, means great meadow, and we have only to look around to see how fitting is the name. The Acadians had about 2,100 acres of it when they had their home here, and there is more than that to-day. In the distance is seen Blomidon, rising abruptly from the water, the end of the North Mountain range. The Basin of Minas, which runs inland for sixty miles, shines like a sheet of burnished silver in the summer sunshine. It is a beautiful place which the sweet singer has made famous; and yet he lived and died within two days' journey of it and never saw it. Do you know why? It was that he cherished a sweet ideal which he feared the reality would mar. He need not have feared, for though he would have looked in vain for the forest primeval, and might have found some of his statements open to grave doubt, he could not have failed to admire the placid beauty of the scene. It is not too much to say that the poem of "Evangeline" has done more to make Nova Scotia famous than all the books which have ever been written. The author could well have boasted, as Horace did, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

Few traces of the French village are to be found. It has vanished from the earth, but the road taken by the exiles, as they sadly made their way to the King's ships, may still be traced by the sentimental tourist. Let such a one not search too deeply into history, lest his ideas of the Acadians receive a change, but let him be content with the poet's version, and feel that,

"To their annals linked while time shall last,
Two lovers from the shadowy realms are seen,
A fair, immortal picture of the past,
The forms of Gabriel and Evangeline."

Wolfville is another beautiful place, and beyond it is Kentville, where the General Offices of the W. & A. Railway are situated, and a point from which Mahone Bay may be reached by stage across the country. Kentville has many attractions for the lover of the beautiful as found in peaceful landscape, and is well worthy of a visit. A little later the famed Annapolis Valley is seen and traversed until Annapolis Royal is reached, at a distance of 130 miles from Halifax.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL,

the ancient capital of Acadia, is the oldest European settlement in America, north of the Gulf of Mexico. Hither came Champlain in 1604, four years before he found Quebec; and soon after, the French colony was established on this well chosen spot.

It was then Port Royal, and it remained for the English, a century later, to change the name to Annapolis, in honor of their queen. Deeply interesting as its history is, it can not be outlined here. It is enough to say it has shared the fate of other Acadian strongholds and its fort has become a ruin. To ascend the elevated ground and look down upon the broad river and on the hills and vales around, one sees much that is beautiful to-day; and can well realize how Poutrin-court was charmed with the vision that greeted his eyes when he and his comrades set foot upon this shore. The early settlement was a few miles further down the river than the present town, but all we tread is historic ground. This fair river and goodly land have been the scenes of many a fearful fray, and swift death has claimed its victims on every hand. Now all is peaceful, beautiful. The "war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled;" the fort is the play-ground of the children, and the flocks of the farmers graze upon the earth-works raised by man to resist his fellow-men.

The Annapolis Valley is famed for its fertility. It lies between the North and South Mountain ranges; and thus sheltered, with a soil unusually rich, it has well earned the name of the Garden of Nova Scotia. For mile after mile the railway runs past orchards white with apple blossoms or laden with tempting fruit. The air is fragrant, and the eye never wearies of the fair farms and their fertile fields. One of the villages is called Paradise, and the name does not seem misplaced. Farmers may here live and amid peace and plenty, and toil little for a rich reward. It is a fine country—a beautiful valley.

The whole coast, from Briar Island to Blomidon, a distance of 130 miles, is protected by the rocky barriers. The range rises at times to the height of 600 feet, and effectually guards this part of Nova Scotia from the cold north winds, and the chilling fogs which sometimes prevail in the Bay of Fundy.

One can go from Annapolis direct to Boston, by steamer; or he can take the steamer across to St. John, a short and pleasant trip. On the way he can stop at Digby, a fine watering-place, with the best of sea-bathing, plenty of fruit, and much natural beauty.

If the tourist has not already visited

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

he should do so before leaving the Maritime Provinces. The Garden of the Gulf is easily reached, either from Point du Chene or Pictou; and once arrived, the railway takes one to all parts of the island.

The island has more good land, in proportion to its size, than any part of the Maritime Provinces, and grows amazingly large potatoes and surprisingly heavy oats. Its people raise enough food to supply all their wants and have as much more to sell to outsiders. It is altogether a flourishing country, and withal, fair to look upon, pleasant to dwell in, and as cheap a place as one can find in a month's journey. There was a time when it was even more cheap for strangers than it is now; and it is a positive fact that men have gone there, had a good time, and, while paying for everything, found the expense amounting to nothing. The difference in the currency did it. A man could buy up sovereigns, "short quarters," etc., at their ordinary value in the other Provinces, take them to the island, pass them at their much higher local value, and make money by the operation. Besides every coin that was uncurrent anywhere else found a refuge here, and at times almost any bit of metal which looked like a copper or a penny was current coin. The result was that the island had the most extraordinary and heterogeneous currency to be found in America. This state of affairs has somewhat improved of late years, but the island is still a pleasant place for a good old fashioned, "high old time."

You can land either at Charlottetown or Summerside. If at the former place, you will admire Hillsborough Bay and the beautiful harbor. The town is pleasantly situated and has numerous pleasant places in its vicinity. Tea Hill, Governor's and St. Peter's Islands, Lowther and Squaw Points, Cherry Valley, Pennarth, and East, West and North Rivers, are all worthy of a visit. The rivers in the vicinity have good trout, and fine sea-trout fishing is also to be had off the mouth of the harbor. All kinds of white fowl are found along the shores, and woodcock and plover are also to be shot at the proper season.

Rustico Beach is a favorite summer resort. Fine bathing, shooting and fishing may be had here, as indeed, may be said of nearly all the places on the Island shores.

Tracadie, 14 miles from Charlottetown, is an excellent place, both for sportsmen and pleasure seekers. All kinds of sea-fowl, and excellent trout fishing may be had. Five miles from this is Savage Harbor, and six miles further is St. Peter's—both good for shooting and fishing.

Summerside has much to commend it to visitors, with its fine harbor and pleasant islands. A journey of a mile or two will bring one to Malpeque Bay, on the other side of the Island. It is one of the peculiarities of the country that, though it is nearly thirty-five miles from shore to shore in one part, there are three places where there is only a mile or two between the waters. The island is thus made up of peninsulas and some six or seven miles of digging would make four islands of the one.

The railway runs from one end of the Island to the other, and winds around the hills in a way which will be novel to those who have been accustomed to through lines. There is one advantage in this: the traveller sees more of the country than if the line were straight. The hills are not high, for the surface is of the undulating kind; but the absence of bold scenery is amply atoned for by the fair fields which speak so much for the Island as a home for the farmer.

Those who seek a pleasant land, with pure air and beautiful climate, should visit the Island. All the pleasures of the seaside may be there enjoyed, with freedom from fog and flies and numerous other evils which are sometimes found upon the mainland. One will be well treated, thoroughly enjoy himself, and never regret the visit.

MONCTON TO ST. JOHN.

A journey of a little more than three hours is required to take one from Moncton to the commercial capital of New Brunswick. The greater portion of the distance is through a well settled country, attractive in appearance, but devoid of anything striking in the way of scenery.

The first station of note is Salisbury, where connection is made with the Albert railway, which runs to the village of Albert, a distance of 45 miles. The first part of this distance is through a monotonous wilderness, but when Hillsboro is reached, with the Peticodiac River flowing by the broad marshes, the beauties of the country are better appreciated. The celebrated Albert Mines were near this place, but they are now abandoned, and no other large deposit of the peculiar "Albertite Coal" has yet been found. The quarrying and manufacturing of plaster is, however, still an important industry. As the road nears Hopewell, the country is a fine one, with its mountains in the distance and vast marshes reaching to the shores of Shepody Bay. There are few places where a short time can be better enjoyed in a quiet way than in the vicinity of Albert. It is a rich farming country, and fair to look upon. Large crops are raised and some of the finest beef cattle to be found come from Hopewell and Harvey.

Continuing on the main line, the next station reached is Peticodiac, a stirring village, from which a branch railway runs to Elgin and Havelock. From Peticodiac until Sussex is reached the various villages make a fine appearance and give one an excellent impression of New Brunswick as a farming country.

SUSSEX

is one of the places which is rapidly increasing in size and importance, and has the promise of as fair a future as any village in the Lower Provinces. It is situated in the beautiful Valley of the Kennebecasis, and has some of the most famous of the New Brunswick farms. Nature has made all this part of the country surpassingly fair to look upon; and it is just as good as it looks. The earth yields abundantly of all kinds of crops, and the dairy products have a most enviable fame. Besides this, the people have push and enterprise and are making rapid strides in all branches of industry.

Some fair trout fishing is to be found in this part of the country. To the east and south are Walton, Grassy, Theobald, Bear, White Pine, Echo, Chisholm and other lakes, all within eighteen miles of the village. Eight pound trout have been caught in Chisholm Lake, though fish of that size are the exception. In Theobald Lake one man has taken ninety trout, averaging a pound each in two days.

The visitor who is interested in mining should visit the manganese mines, ten miles from the village; and if he should like to see how the best of table salt is obtained, his curiosity may be satisfied by going to the Salt Springs, four miles away. As for views, the best to be had is from Blanch's Hill, which overlooks the village and a large portion of the surrounding country.

Geologists tell us that these hills and bold heights seen in the vicinity of Sussex are the effect of a terrific current which once flowed through the valley, when all the country was submerged by a mighty flood. It is thought that this was once part of the valley of the St. John River, but when that "once" is something as uncertain as the authorship of Ossian's poems. It was a long while ago, at any rate.

From Sussex to St. John, a distance of 44 miles, the country along the line is well settled, and abounds in beautiful villages. Hampton, the shire-town of Kings County, is in great repute as a summer resort for the people of St. John, a number of whom have fine private residences here. From this point the St. Martins & Upham Railway runs across the country to the flourishing village of St. Martins, on the Bay Shore. Hampton is a very pleasant place, and like Sussex, is making rapid advances year by year. Rothesay, nine miles from the city, has some handsome villas, the residences of St. John business men and others, who find all the pleasures of rural life within less than a half-an-hour's distance of their offices and counting-rooms. The ornamental trees and carefully arranged grounds have a very pleasing effect. The Kennebecasis River flows close by the track for a distance of several miles, the hills rising on the distant shore in picturesque beauty. As Riverside is reached, one of the finest race-courses on the continent is seen. Here is the scene of some famous aquatic contests by famous oarsmen—Hanlan, Ross, and others of lesser note. It was here on a beautiful autumn morning, years ago, that the renowned Paris and Tyne crews struggled for victory. It was nearly opposite yonder wharf that a man of the English four was seen by the excited thousands to fall from his seat, and as the Paris crew shot ahead what a cheer echoed from that vast crowd of human beings! Yet, how quiet was all a few minutes later when from the shore beside the wharf the Champion of England, James Renforth, was carried up the hill to die! It was a strange, sad scene—the most memorable in the annals of this memorable spot.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY STATION, ST. JOHN.

SAINT JOHN.

St. John has a history which extends back to the days when the land was Acadia and the banner of France waved from the forts of the harbor and river. The story of La Tour and his heroic wife is one of the most interesting in the annals of the colonies. Such a tale—a romance—deserves a better fate than to be presented in a mutilated form; the space at command in these pages would fail to do the narrative justice.

Apart from its Acadian annals, the history of St. John has little to interest the stranger. The city has no extensive fortifications, no memorable battle-fields, nothing ancient or quaint to fascinate the antiquarian. It is a modern city. Even the best part of its old buildings have been swept away by fire, and new and substantial edifices line the great majority of the streets. St. John is to be seen for what it is—not for what it has been.

The great fire of the 20th of June, 1877, swept over 200 acres of the business part of the city, destroyed more than 1,600 houses, which occupied nine miles of street, and caused a loss which has been estimated at figures all the way between twenty and thirty million dollars. The destruction was swift and complete, and the effects of it will be felt for many years to come. The new city has made rapid progress; and brick and stone have taken the place of the wood so generally in use in former times. To one who knew it in other years, St. John seems another place. Everything has changed, all the old associations are gone. The surroundings of the people are different. It is much as if some old familiar picture gallery were so renovated that all the old lights and shades were gone, and the dear old paintings brightened, varnished and set in new and gaudy frames.

Many of the new buildings are splendid specimens of architecture. The new Intercolonial Station and the Custom House are edifices of which any city might be proud. The Post Office, the churches, and numerous other buildings, public and private, cannot fail to evoke admiration. The city is naturally well adapted to show its buildings to the best advantage, with its streets wide, straight and crossing each other at right angles. The new part of the city has a gentle slope towards the harbor, and seen from the latter makes a fine appearance. A closer inspection does not dissipate the first favorable impression, and St. John is voted a rather nice sort of place.

Outside of the city are several fine drives. One of these is out the Marsh Road, visiting the beautiful Rural cemetery. This City of Tombs is situated most admirably for its purpose and none can fail to be struck with the quiet beauty which is everywhere seen throughout its shady walks. Another, and very attractive, drive is over the Suspension Bridge. The river St. John takes its rise in the State of Maine and flows over 450 miles until it is emptied in the harbor on the Bay of Fundy. It, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six millions in Maine and nine millions in New Brunswick. Yet this great body of water is all emptied into the sea through a rocky chasm a little over 500 feet wide. Here a fall is formed. It is a peculiar fall. At high tide the sea has a descent of fifteen feet into the river, and at low tide the river has a like fall into the sea. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that this part of the river may be navigated in safety. At other times a wild tumult of the waters meets the eye. Across this chasm is stretched the Suspension Bridge, seventy feet above the highest tide, and with a span of 640 feet. This structure was projected and built by the energy of one man, the late William K. Reynolds. Few besides the projector had any faith in the undertaking, and he therefore assumed the whole financial and other responsibility, not a dollar being paid by the shareholders until the bridge was opened to the public. In 1875 the bridge was purchased from the shareholders by the Provincial Government and is now a free highway.

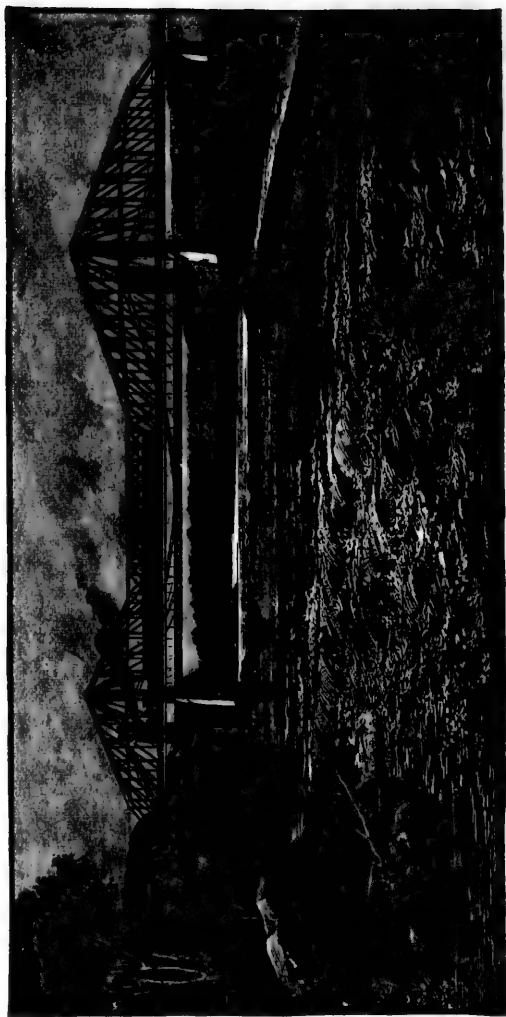
A short distance above the Suspension Bridge is the splendid Cantilever Bridge which gives the Intercolonial direct connection with the New Brunswick railway and the vast system of the United States. Until 1885 travellers to and from Western New Brunswick and the New England States were obliged to cross the harbor by ferry and be driven across the city in order to make connection. In October of that year the bridge was opened for traffic, and the former gap of two miles between the two railways was forever closed. The bridge is a beautiful and most substantial structure. High above the rushing waters its graceful outlines, seen from a distance, convey no idea of its wonderful solidity and strength. Solid and strong it is, however. All the resources of modern engineering have been brought to bear in its construction, and its foundations are upon the solid rock. The main span is 825 feet in length. The bridge is not only a boon as regards the convenience of the travelling public, but has a most important bearing in a commercial sense. It gives direct communication between the United States and the lower Provinces, and in the facilities which it affords for through shipment is giving a new stimulus to many important industries.

Near the bridges, on the west side of the river, is the Provincial Lunatic Asylum; a little further, after passing Fairville, is that famous drive, the Manawagonish (Maogenes) Road, a splendid highway, in full view of the Bay of Fundy, with the line of the Nova Scotia coast visible forty miles away. This is one of the most pleasant drives to be had around St. John. Returning, Carleton, which lies across the harbor, may be visited, and one may see the ruins of Fort La Tour. Do not make the same blunder as the gifted Bayard Taylor, and mistake the Martello Tower for this fort. La Tour's

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CANTILEVER BRIDGE, FALLS OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER, ST. JOHN, N. B.

stronghold is not so conspicuous, and there is very little to be seen of it. Houses are built on this historic ground, and they are not by any means imposing in their character; slabs and sawdust are numerous, and the air is at times pervaded with a decidedly plain odor of fish. Such is Fort La Tour to-day; such is the place where lived and died "the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred queen in European story."*

A superior natural bathing place may be found at the Bay Shore, a short distance from Carleton. The situation is excellent, and were the place properly prepared for visitors, it would doubtless be much more extensively patronized than at the present time.

Leaving the city and driving through Portland, a city of itself, one may ascend Fort Howe, have a grand view of the harbor and city, and then proceed to the banks of the broad and beautiful Kennebecasis. Or one may go by the way of the Marsh Bridge to Lake Lomond, a famous place for pleasure parties, where fishing, sailing, etc., may be enjoyed to perfection. Should a shorter and still pleasant drive be desired, one may ascend Mount Pleasant, have another magnificent view of the city and vicinity, and proceed to Lily Lake. In fact, it were tedious to enumerate all the pleasant places which may be visited by those having a team at their disposal for a few hours of a summer day.

The harbor of St. John is one of its great features. Deep and capacious, its swift currents and high tide render it free from ice during the most severe seasons. Ships of any size can lie safely at its wharves, or anchor in the stream, well sheltered from the storms which rage without. At the entrance is Partridge Island, a light, signal, and quarantine station; with this once properly fortified, and guns placed on the opposite shore of the mainland, no hostile fleet could hope to gain the harbor without a desperate struggle. The harbor proper bounds the city on the west and south; to the east is Courtenay Bay, which becomes a plain of mud when the tide is out. Some fine vessels have been built on this Bay, and it has excellent weir fisheries. The fisheries of this and other parts of the harbor are prosecuted with excellent success and give employment to a large number of men. It is from these fishermen that such oarsmen as the Paris crew, Ross, Brayley and others have risen to be famous.

St. John is essentially a maritime city. Its wharves are always in demand for shipping, and vast quantities of lumber, etc., are annually exported to other countries. It is indeed the fourth among the shipping ports of the world, and St. John ships are found in every part of the seas of both hemispheres. Before the introduction of steam, its clipper ships, such as the swift "Marco Polo," had a fame second to none, and voyages were made of which the tales are proudly told even unto this day.

The commercial outlook in St. John is most encouraging. The citizens have rallied from the terrible blow dealt them by the fire, and industries of all kinds are increasing in number and importance.

One thing makes a favorable impression on the stranger. The people have intermingled so much with the Americans that they have much of their off-hand frankness and cordiality. Little attention is paid to caste in this democratic city, and the best society has only those barriers which sound common sense render necessary. The men who occupy the highest positions in the city to-day have worked hard to gain a living; and they are not ashamed to own it, or to be the friends of other workers who are still at the foot of the ladder.

*Hannay.

The sympathies of the people are always with the stranger. They like to see visitors. Years ago, when there was no railway to Bangor, and but two trips a week were made by the steamer to Boston, the arrival and departure of the "Yankee Boat" were events of great local interest. About noon on the days the boat was expected, people began to enquire at the express office to learn the hour of her arrival at Eastport. So soon as the expected telegram came, the agent, in order to have time to attend to his business, put out a large sign, announcing the hour the steamer would reach St. John. Men read the words, glanced at their watches, and regulated their business so as to be on hand at the proper time. Ladies hurried their shopping so as not to be late on the great occasion. Everyone looked pleased. Shortly before the hour named, large numbers would gather round Reed's Point, and secure the most eligible places for the show. At length the long, loud whistle would be heard upon the harbor, and at the sound coaches, express wagons and private teams all came tearing down town, while on the sidewalks men, women and children hastened with joyful feet to the scene of action. The ceremony over, the people quietly dispersed, and strangers who had seen the crowd on the wharf, and saw what they supposed to be other crowds walking the streets, were most favourably impressed with the life so apparent among the people. If this account be just a little overdrawn, the writer has no fear. St. John people are not "thin-skinned," and can enjoy a joke at their expense, on any fair subject. The most caustic allusions to the fog cannot disturb their good nature, and altogether they can give and take to any extent, provided the shaft be not tipped with downright malice.

The ascent of the river to Fredericton is a very enjoyable trip. Steamers leave every morning during the summer. Steamers also cross the Bay to Digby and Annapolis; and three regular trips a week are made by the International Line to Eastport, Portland and Boston. The New Brunswick Railway runs daily trains to Fredericton and Vauceboro, connecting at the latter place with New England Railways for Bangor, Portland, Boston and New York. The Grand Southern runs to St. George and St. Stephen. It will be thus seen that there are excellent facilities for reaching St. John; and, what is equally important, there is good hotel accommodation after one arrives. The Dufferin, Royal and others, furnish every convenience which the traveller can desire.

Several of the lakes in the vicinity of St. John afford fair trout fishing, while excellent duck and goose shooting may be had at Mace's Bay, near Point Lepreau.

ROD AND RIFLE.

While the various sections of the country adapted to the wants of the sportsman have been noticed in their order, a few additional remarks may be of interest. First, as to the fishing. Along the Lower St. Lawrence, in the Metapedia Valley, and down the shores of New Brunswick below Miramichi, salmon are found in all the important rivers, and are of the largest size in the Restigouche district. While many good fishing privileges are under lease, some remain which are still open to the public; and even in the case of leased streams no difficulty will be found in obtaining a permit. The decisions of the courts are, however, in favor of the rights of riparian proprietors, and against the power of the Government to lease the right of fishing regardless of the ownership of the soil. The regulations of the Department allow of fly fishing for salmon from the 30th of April to the 31st of August in Quebec, and from the 1st of March to the 15th of September in New Brunswick. In Nova Scotia the best salmon rivers are on the Atlantic coast, though some which were formerly good have been "fished-out," or obstructed by dams. Where good fish-ways have been put in, the streams are not injured, but some of the old ways seem adapted for almost any purpose rather than the passage of salmon. One river,

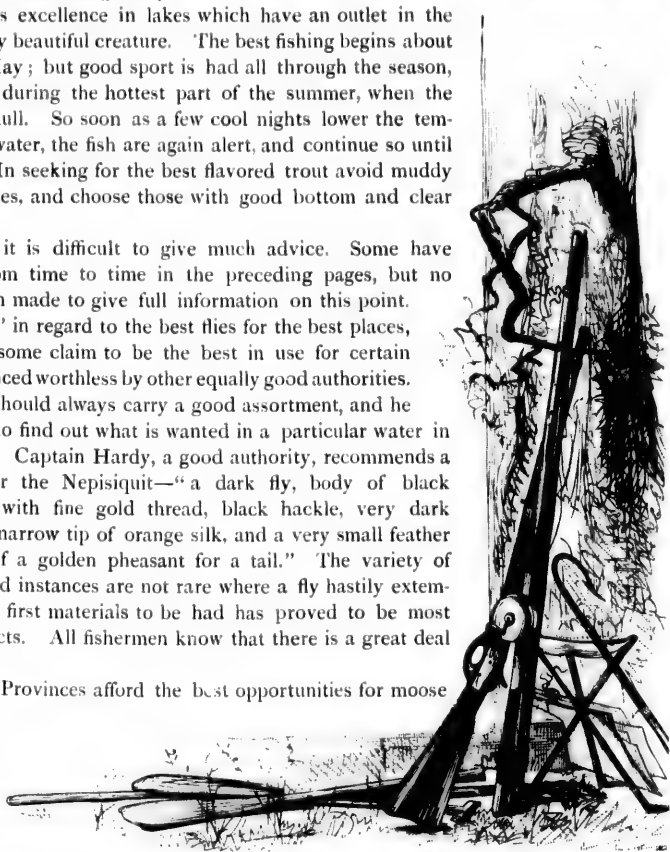
which does not empty on the Atlantic coast, deserves mention. It is the Shubenacadie, on which some fine sport has been had and will doubtless be had in the future. Salmon cannot be fished for in the rivers to the westward of Halifax between the 31st of July and the 1st of March, nor in the other rivers between the 15th of August and the 1st of March, None of the rivers of Nova Scotia are leased.

Trout are abundant in all the lakes, rivers and estuaries along the line of railway, and the fishing is a free one. The close season is from the 1st of October to the 1st of January. The sea trout found in the estuaries are fine fish, and though abundant in very many places, they are found in their perfection in the Tabusintac and Escuminac. They are greedy biters, and it is said, will take almost any kind of fly. The arms of the sea and numerous estuaries on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia are particularly good places for these fish, which find their feeding grounds among the sand flats and bars and among the beds of seaweed in shoal water. June and July are the best months for seeking them, though they may be found at all seasons. They are a very gamy fish, handsome in appearance, and excellent eating.

The brook trout, though very like the sea trout, is admitted to be a different fish. It is found in its excellence in lakes which have an outlet in the sea, and is a very beautiful creature. The best fishing begins about the Middle of May; but good sport is had all through the season, except perhaps during the hottest part of the summer, when the fish are a little dull. So soon as a few cool nights lower the temperature of the water, the fish are again alert, and continue so until the ice forms. In seeking for the best flavored trout avoid muddy and swampy lakes, and choose those with good bottom and clear water.

As to flies, it is difficult to give much advice. Some have been named from time to time in the preceding pages, but no attempt has been made to give full information on this point. "Doctors differ," in regard to the best flies for the best places, and a fly which some claim to be the best in use for certain rivers, is pronounced worthless by other equally good authorities. The sportsmen should always carry a good assortment, and he will seldom fail to find out what is wanted in a particular water in which he fishes. Captain Hardy, a good authority, recommends a particular fly for the Nepisiquit—"a dark fly, body of black mohair, ribbed with fine gold thread, black hackle, very dark mallard wing, a narrow tip of orange silk, and a very small feather from the crest of a golden pheasant for a tail." The variety of flies is large; and instances are not rare where a fly hastily extemporized from the first materials to be had has proved to be most killing in its effects. All fishermen know that there is a great deal in "luck."

The Lower Provinces afford the best opportunities for moose and caribou hunting. The country lying back of the rivers on the northeast shore



of New Brunswick, and the forests of Cumberland, Colchester, Halifax and Guysboro, in Nova Scotia, will give all the sport desired.

In Nova Scotia the close season for moose and caribou is from the 1st of February to the 15th of September. No one person is allowed to take more than two moose and four caribou in any one year or season. The flesh is to be carried out of the woods within ten days after killing, and game killed during the latter part of January, shall be carried out during the first five days of February. The penalty for the violation of these provisions is from \$30 to \$50, and a fine of \$25 is imposed for hunting with dogs. The close season for partridge is between the first days of January and October, and that of woodcock, snipe and teal between the first days of March and August. Woodcock must not be killed before sunrise or after sunset. Blue-winged duck must not be taken between the first days of April and August. The annual licenses for non-residents expire on the first of August. They cost \$30 each, but in the case of officers of Her Majesty's service, the charge is only \$5 each.

In New Brunswick, the close season for moose, caribou and deer, is from the 1st of February, to the 1st of August. The penalty is a fine of from \$10 to \$60. Hunting with dogs is forbidden, under a penalty of \$20, and any person may kill dogs which are chasing, or can be proved to have chased, such game. Three moose, five caribou or five deer, are allowed to be killed by each party in any one season. The flesh of such game must be carried out of the woods within ten days after the killing, with the exception of such as is killed during the latter part of December, when the flesh must be carried out within the first five days of January. The close season for partridge is from the 1st of December to the 20th of September; for woodcock and snipe, to the 1st of September. Non-residents are required to take out a license, the cost of which is the same as in Quebec. The fee for officers of Her Majesty's service is five dollars.

The close season for moose and deer in Quebec is from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and the female of the moose is not to be shot at any time until the 15th of October, 1888. For caribou, from the 1st of March to the 1st of September, and the same dates apply to hare. For woodcock, snipe and partridge, from the 1st of February to the 1st of April, and for wild duck from the 1st of May to the 1st of September. The penalty is a fine of from \$2 to \$60. An hour before and after sunset are also set apart for the protection of snipe, woodcock, ducks and geese. Non-residents are required to take out a hunting license, the cost of which is \$20, and the penalty for the non-compliance is double the amount of the fee.

The foregoing are some of the provisions of the Game Laws of the three Provinces. There are other provisions, in regard to trapping, using nets for wild fowl, hunting with artificial lights, etc., but as no sportsman will resort to such practices, these provisions need not be quoted.

A LAND OF HEALTH AND PLENTY.

Two widely different classes of people seek Canada from across the Atlantic. One of these represents wealth, seeks the pleasures to be found in the forests and streams, and remains but for a season. The other consists of those with little capital save strong arms and willing hands, who seek homes in a land which is ever ready to bid them welcome. Many of these seek the West and Northwest, but others choose wisely and well by selecting lands in the older provinces. Such a choice gives the immigrant all the benefits of a country with established institutions, combined with all that is fitted to make the farmer or the artisan content with his lot.

Elsewhere in these pages it is shown that territory traversed by the Intercolonial

Railway is one of the most attractive which can meet the eye of the sportsman and tourist. To the immigrant, also, it has much to offer in the way of soil, climate and the opportunities for industry to meet with a rich reward. In this favored climate the summer heat is genial but not intense, and the winter cold is so tempered with bright, beautiful days that the season is robbed of the terrors which belong to it in more distant parts of the continent. Cyclones come not to level all before them; the crops are not devoured by grasshoppers and other scourges; fever, malaria and raging epidemics are unknown. The farmer is afflicted by no evils of magnitude. In some sections, but not in all, he may at times have to contend with such wild nuisances as the potato bug, the crow, the fruit-tree pedlar and the lightning-rod agent. Vigilance, Paris green, a shotgun and a good dog, will do much to mitigate, if not to abolish all these minor ills.

In the country through which the Intercolonial passes there is plenty of room for farmers and workers of all kinds. Millions of acres of splendid country are yet ungranted, and they offer the farmer all the advantages of good land, favorable climatic conditions, wood and water in abundance and short roads to profitable markets. The country is not the offspring of to-day, its cities are not mere mushroom growths, and among its people are combined the enterprise and push of America with the steady, solid qualities for which the British race is famed. In this land the settler may find substantial comfort and the happiness of a home.

Prior to the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, the great disadvantage under which this part of the country labored was the want of facilities for speedy access to a market. Since the completion of the road, however, and with the addition each year of new branches and feeders, agriculture has received a fresh impetus and other industries of various kinds have been developed along the line. Nearly all of the large extent of country opened out by the road and its branches is susceptible of high cultivation and will give the farmer a most abundant return for his work. In the exceptional places where the soil is not so prolific, nature has given such advantages as mines, minerals, or manufacturing sites and some of the finest harbors and fisheries on the North American continent. There are no barren areas, trackless deserts or dreary wastes to weary the eye of the traveler. Every part of the country is capable of yielding a rich return to honest industry.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

With the exception of the Metapedia Valley, much of the country between Quebec city and the New Brunswick border is settled by an agricultural people, nearly all of whom are Canadian French. They do not, as a rule, carry on farming on a large scale, as many of them also follow other pursuits at various seasons. In this part of the country vegetation advances very rapidly after spring begins, and the crops are matured earlier in the autumn than in some climates with longer summers. The soil is good, and were more attention given to its development, the results would far exceed the records of the present time. As the counties through which the railway passes lie on the shore of the Lower St. Lawrence, the fisheries employ a large number of the people, and lumbering is also an important industry. Abundant and cheap water-power is supplied by the numerous streams which intersect the coast. Saw mills, large and small, meet the eye every few miles, while here and there are grist mills to which the habitants carry their wheat and other grains. Some of the saw mills do a very extensive business. Lumbering is not the only industry of importance, however. Mills and factories of various kinds are found at all the larger places, and thus steady employment is given to many classes of workers. Rivière du Loup, for instance, has among other things grist and

saw mills, a pulp mill and a foundry, while at Bic. Amqui and other villages several new mills have gone into operation during the past season.

The shore fisheries of the Lower St. Lawrence include herring, shad, eels, salmon, halibut and porpoise. All these are caught in large quantities at the proper seasons, and furnish a livelihood to many hundreds of the people. The waters of the Lower St. Lawrence teem with fish, while some of the best shore fishing in the world is found around the peninsula of Gaspé.

A new railway, which will do much to open up and improve this part of the country, is to run from Metapédia to Pasbebiac, a distance of 85 miles.

NEW BRUNSWICK—RESTIGOUCHE.

When the River Restigouche is reached the extent of the lumber industry becomes even more apparent than in passing over the more northern part of the line. Six or seven mills are found at the boundary in the vicinity of Campbellton, and other mills are found at Dalhousie, from whence a portion of the lumber from Campbellton is shipped.

Rich in timber as is the county of Restigouche, with some two million acres of all kinds of forest growth, the lumber industry employs only half as many men as are engaged in the fisheries. The river and the Baie des Chaleurs furnish cod, herring, mackerel and lobsters in profusion, and the boats of the fishers dot the water in every kind of weather.

The country has not been developed by the farmer as it must be before many years. Some of the richest lands in this part of the world are found in what is known as the "fertile belt," which includes a large part of Restigouche county. Authorities on such subjects have termed it the best of upland, well adapted for wheat and with unlimited facilities for stock-growing and sheep-raising. There are about 1,800,000 acres still ungranted in the county, but when, as projected, a railway is opened across the country to the Tobique the vacant lands must be taken up in a short time. Since the opening of the Intercolonial the population has increased forty per cent, the annual yield of wheat has been doubled, and other crops have increased in proportion.

The settlements which have been established at Balmoral, Colebroke, Sunnyside, Lorne and Mitchell, lie within five or six miles of the railway. The soil is good, the land well timbered, and the settlers are prosperous and contented.

Reference to the beauties of the scenery in the vicinity of the Restigouche and the Baie des Chaleurs is made in another part of this book. The climate is a most healthful and desirable one at all seasons of the year.

GLOUCESTER COUNTY.

The French tongue is heard again when this county is reached, though not to the exclusion of the English language. Gloucester, though smaller than Restigouche, is more thickly settled, having a population three times as large, and only about one-sixth as much vacant land available for settlement. Fishing and lumbering are the chief industries, some 2,500 men being employed in the former and 500 in the latter. The county has good grindstone and other quarries. The railway has made an important increase in the population, though less than would have been the case had the route not been through the western and less valuable part of the lands. The branch railway to Caraquet, recently completed, will do much to open up lands which have been accessible only by highways in the past. The soil of Gloucester is good, and favorable reports are received from the four settlements, St. Isidore, Pacquetville, Millville and Roberville.

The position of the county, with the Baie des Chaleurs to the north and the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the south, gives it a large extent of seaboard, splendid fisheries and some of the best harbors in Canada. One of these, Shippegan, is without a rival on the coast and has been much discussed in the question of rapid transit between Europe and America.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Three and a half centuries have passed since Jacques Cartier stepped on the continent of America for the first time, at the mouth of the Miramichi river. He had, indeed, stopped at Newfoundland, but happened to find a very bad part of its coast. "I believe it to be the land that God allotted to Cain," he wrote, and so he sailed westward until he reached what is now known as Point Escuminac. He was delighted with the forests, soil and climate, but had he sailed up the river he would have found even more to excite his admiration and evoke his praise. The county of Northumberland, with an area of 2,756,000 acres, is not only the largest in New Brunswick, but it is one of the fairest and most flourishing. Its people are among the most enterprising and hospitable in the Lower Provinces. The Miramichi river drains 6000 square miles of territory, and as it nears the sea it expands into a broad and beautiful sheet of water on which the navies of nations might ride in safety.

Miramichi lumber has a world-wide reputation, and vast quantities of it cross the ocean every year. As many as eighty square-rigged vessels have been seen in the port of Chatham at one time, loading for foreign markets. The twenty-seven saw mills of the county include some large and fine concerns. They employ more than 1500 men, and the value of their products is over \$1,500,000 in a season. In addition to manufactured lumber, large quantities of timber, spars and other products of the forest are cut and shipped. Still another industry connected with the forest is the making of an extract for tanning purposes from the bark of the hemlock tree. The factory for the manufacture of this is situated at Millerton, and large exports of the extract are made to Great Britain and other places.

The fisheries are another important industry, and in frozen fish alone a heavy trade is done with the United States. Salmon and Smelt form a large part of the export.

Newcastle and Chatham are the chief towns of Northumberland. The former is on the line of the Intercolonial, and the latter is reached by a branch nine miles in length. The Northern and Western Railway, now completed, will connect these towns with Fredericton, the capital of the Province. Its route is through the rich and beautiful Miramichi Valley, a distance of 110 miles, and the road must materially advance the interests of this already flourishing county. Another railway is a branch of the Intercolonial which runs to Indian Brook, about fourteen miles from Newcastle.

The population of Northumberland has increased more than 25 per cent. since the completion of the Intercolonial, and noticeable progress has been made in agriculture. The increase in farm products has been greater in proportion than the increase in the quantity of land in crop. The latter has made an advance of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the increase of wheat and of hay has been 50 per cent. each, in oats and buckwheat 33 per cent., and other crops in proportion. The population is about 26,000. There is only one inhabitant for every 110 acres in the county and something like half a million acres of good land are yet ungranted. The new settlements already established are eight in number viz: Rogersville, on the line of the Intercolonial, the Sugary, near Newcastle, St. Joseph, Warwick, Lockstead, Breadalbane, Hazelton and Pleasant Ridge. The three latter are

in the western part of the county and will derive new advantages from the opening of the Northern and Western Railway. All of the settlements are doing well, and they are but the pioneers of others which must follow as the hitherto unsettled country becomes opened up and its resources are better known.

KENT COUNTY.

The more thickly settled portions of Kent are not seen along the line of the Intercolonial, which passes through the centre of the county and crosses the head-waters of the principal rivers. Near the shore, however, are such flourishing places as Richibucto, Kingston, St. Louis, Buctouche and Cocagne, at all of which a brisk business is done in the fish, lumber and other industries. Richibucto and St. Louis are reached from the Intercolonial by the Kent Northern Railway, 34 miles in length. Another railway will connect Buctouche with Moncton, the commercial Metropolis of Westmoreland county. Richibucto, the chief town, Buctouche and Cocagne, all have excellent harbors and do a good export trade. In canned lobsters alone, some 2,000,000 pounds are shipped in a season. The Buctouche oysters also have a wide and well-earned fame.

Some 300,000 acres of good ungranted land await the settler. The county, though little more than half as large as Northumberland, has more land in crop and shows splendid results both in roots and cereals. The annual yield of potatoes is about 1,000,000 bushels, and the wheat crop is equal to that of Restigouche, Gloucester and Northumberland combined. The county has more farmers in its population than any of the counties already named.

The new settlements of Kent comprise Acadieville, Colebrokedale, Adamsville, Girouard and Rhomboid, all of which either border on or are within a short distance of the Intercolonial Railway.

In the four "North Shore" counties of New Brunswick of which mention has been made, more than 3,000,000 acres of the ungranted lands are fit for settlement. They are connected with the great railway system of the continent, and every year sees rapid progress in the branch railways which are tending to develop the rich resources of this part of the country.

WESTMORELAND COUNTY.

With the Bay of Fundy on the south and the Strait of Northumberland on the east, Westmoreland is happily situated for commercial purposes. It has a population of about 40,000, ranking next to Saint John county, and has not only great wealth, but resources which make it a glorious heritage for the farmer. Its geographical position gave it an importance long before the days of railways, and so the available lands have been taken up until only about 100,000 acres remain ungranted. Since the first railway was begun in the county, the population has more than doubled, and nearly an equal increase has been made in the area of improved lands. This area is now about 175,000 acres, of which 112,000 are under crop. Among the most valuable lands are the famous marshes, so suitable for stock-raising, which have made the choice beef of Westmoreland, well known on both sides of the Atlantic. The horned cattle of the county are nearly equal to the population in number, and the sheep are in still greater numbers than the cattle. The county produces annually about 1,000,000 pounds of butter, more than 1,000,000 bushels of potatoes, some 70,000 tons of hay, and proportionately large quantities of other farm products and crops.

Moncton is the chief town of Westmoreland. Twenty-five years ago its population was less than 1400, but to-day it is more than 7000. The town has made very rapid

strides, not only in population but in business enterprise, and new industries add to its importance every year. Among the more important of these are a sugar refinery, a cotton mill, and factories of various kinds which give steady employment to large numbers of workmen. The general offices and workshops of the Intercolonial are located here, and the position of Moncton as a railway centre has an important influence on the prosperity of the place. The annual imports of the town are more than six times as large as they were ten years ago, the exports have increased twenty-fold and the post office revenue has much more than doubled. These facts point clearly to the steady and substantial growth of Moncton.

Outside of Moncton the various parishes of the county are not only rich agriculturally but have numbers of important industries, including foundries, factories and mills. Freestone of the best quality for building purposes is quarried in large quantities and exported to the United States and other countries. Copper is mined to some extent at Dorchester, and capital is being employed to develop the coal and oil resources in the same vicinity. Sackville, Dorchester, Shediac, Salisbury and Petitcodiac are all thriving places in which the population is rapidly increasing.

Of the ungranted land fit for settlement portions are found in the parishes of Botsford, Shediac, Salisbury and Moncton. There are also tracts of good land for sale at about \$1 an acre on the St. Andrew's road in the parish of Sackville. This is very desirable land, and is accessible by a good highway. There are also large areas of very good land in various parts of the county held by private parties for lumbering purposes, and these must in time be thrown open for settlement. Old farms are also to be had for about two-thirds of the prices asked before family changes, etc., caused them to be put upon the market. Immigrants who are able to purchase such farms at from \$600 to \$1000 may find numbers from which to make a choice. Land may be had very cheaply in all the back settlements of the county.

The Intercolonial railway runs from Moncton westerly to Saint John and southerly to Halifax. A branch at Painsec Junction goes to Point du Chene from whence communication is had with Prince Edward Island during the summer season. From Petitcodiac the Elgin railway goes to the eastern part of Albert county, and the southern part of the same county is reached by the Albert Railway, which connects with the Intercolonial at Salisbury. The New Brunswick and Prince Edward railway runs from Sackville to Cape Tormentine, and will connect across the narrowest part of Northumberland Strait with a line which runs from Cape Traverse to the interior of Prince Edward Island. Surveys are being made to ascertain the feasibility of a subway under the Strait. Add to the railways named the one which is to connect Moncton and Buctouche, and it will be seen that Westmoreland is well supplied with facilities for travel.

KINGS COUNTY.

Next to Westmoreland, on the way to Saint John, is the prosperous county of Kings. It is the only inland county through which the Intercolonial passes in New Brunswick, but if nature has given it no seaports she has richly endowed it with all that tends to make the farmer's lot a happy one. It is an old and well populated part of the Province, and agriculture has been followed for generation after generation with great success. Not more than 4000 of its 877,000 acres are ungranted and open for settlement, for its nearness to Saint John and the fertility of its soil have always made it a favorite location for the farmer. Long before it had the railway, good highways and the great water-way of the Saint John River gave easy access to a good market, and caused this part of the country

to be well settled. It is not surprising, therefore, that in a quarter of a century the increase in population has been only about 10 per cent. In that time, however, the products of the county have greatly increased. It raises seven times as much wheat as it did, nearly twice as much buckwheat, 75 per cent. more potatoes, etc. The annual yield of potatoes is about 750,000 bushels, and the butter amounts to about a million pounds. Large quantities of the milk used by the cities of Saint John and Portland are supplied by this county, and immense crops of strawberries and other small fruits are cultivated and exported.

Sussex, with a population of 2000, is the chief village of Kings, and has a number of industries, including shoe, furniture and carriage factories. The situation of the village is one of great beauty, and the farms in the vicinity are among the best in New Brunswick. Hampton, the shire town, is another flourishing place. A match factory is among its industries. A pulp and paper mill is located at Penobsquis, and a manganese mine is operated at Markhamville. Lumbering and shipbuilding are carried on to some extent in the county.

In addition to the means of communication afforded by the Intercolonial Railway and the Saint John river, the Saint Martins and Upham Railway runs from Hampton to Saint Martins on the Bay of Fundy, a distance of 30 miles, the New Brunswick Railway passes through the western part of the county, and the Central, and the Havelock, Elgin & Peteticodiac Railways will add to the already ample means of transit. The last named road will give access to the fine district of Havelock, one of the few parts of Kings county in which ungranted land is open for settlement.

SAINT JOHN COUNTY.

The cities of Saint John and Portland are separated only by lines invisible to the ordinary eye. They contain about 43,000 people, or four-fifths of the population of the county. The commercial interests are therefore the more important in this part of New Brunswick, though farming is prosecuted with success in the suburban districts and the remote parts of the county.

The city of Saint John has a magnificent harbor, which never freezes, and which is accessible at all seasons and safe in all kinds of weather. Some of the finest merchant vessels that have ever borne the British flag have hailed from this port and its staunch, handsome and swift clipper ships have carried its fame to all parts of the world. More than a quarter of a million tons of shipping are on its registry, and its fame as a maritime city has ever been a source of honest pride to its people. It is the great port of shipment for the Province. Over 250,000,000 feet of deals, etc., are shipped from hence in a season, besides large quantities of smaller lumber. The greater portion of this is cut and sawn on the river Saint John and its tributaries. The great increase of this industry is shown by the fact that forty years ago the yearly shipment of deals was about 128,000 feet and that of boards some 10,000,000 feet. The chief trade is with Great Britain. Nearly 4000 vessels, large and small, representing about 750,000 tons arrive at Saint John in the course of a year.

The industries of Saint John include a great variety of the useful arts and manufactures. Lumber, of course, holds a prominent place, but apart from this are foundries, mills and factories of every description, including one of the leading cotton mills of Canada. The productions of the various industries amounts to about \$8,000,000 a year.

Saint John harbor has excellent fisheries, in addition to those of the Bay of Fundy. Herring, shad and gaspereaux are caught in large quantities, and salmon are also taken in their season.

The fire of 1877 caused a fearful loss of property to the city, but the buildings since erected are much more handsome and substantial than the ones which were burned. The Custom House is an especially fine structure. The other public buildings, the churches and private houses are, as a rule, of fine appearance. The Intercolonial Railway Passenger Depot is a splendid affair, erected at a cost of about \$150,000, and is furnished with every convenience for the comfort of the patrons of the road.

The New Brunswick Railway connects with the Intercolonial at Saint John, extending up the river and also going westerly until it joins the railway system of the United States. The Grand Southern railway extends along the shore from Saint John to St. Stephen.

NOVA SCOTIA—CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Leaving Westmoreland, New Brunswick, the boundary line of Nova Scotia is crossed and the county of Cumberland reached. This county has an area of 1,031,875 acres and a population of about 28,000. It is an especially good farming district, has flourishing industries, and is rich in mines and minerals.

Amherst, the shire town, has a population of nearly 5000. It has made very rapid strides in every way since the construction of the Intercolonial Railway. A quarter of a century ago the population was less than 2800. The total trade of the place in 1867 was about \$96,000, and it has increased until it is now about \$260,000. About 30,000 tons of shipping goes out of the port in a year. Among the industries are a boot and shoe factory, a steam tannery, planing mills, a wood factory, stove and machine works and other important concerns.

Cumberland has a larger area of dyked marsh land than any county in Nova Scotia. These marshes are very fertile, producing as much as two tons of natural grass an acre, and they require no manure. The annual crop of hay in the county is over 60,000 tons, and so abundant is this useful product that some farmers are not only able to keep a large stock of cattle, but sell from one to two hundred tons of hay every year. The county has more than 160,000 acres of improved land, of which about 83,000 acres are under crop. It raises annually about 85,000 bushels of wheat, or 90 per cent. more than it raised ten years ago, 181,000 bushels of oats, and 750,000 bushels of potatoes. The increase in potatoes and hay has been about 50 per cent. in ten years.

Cumberland includes a part of the great Nova Scotia coal fields, which occupy a known area of about 685 square miles. The county has nine mines, some of which, however, are new and worked only to limited extent. These mines employ over 1100 hands, and during the year 1886 they produced 439,012 tons of coal. The Spring Hill mines alone employ over 1000 men, and their output in 1886 was 416,769 tons, the largest of any mine in the Province. The coal is shipped chiefly by the Intercolonial to New Brunswick and Quebec, though during the present year a large quantity has been sent from the port of Parrsboro to the New England States. There are four slopes at Spring Hill, one of which is over 1300 feet deep. The seams are from nine to thirteen feet thick, and have been proved along about three miles. Fourteen years ago the output of coal for Cumberland was only 15,750 tons. The Spring Hill mines, which then had an output of 1450 tons, now produce more than the total annual coal sales of the Province twenty five years ago.

The lumber cut of Cumberland is about 32,000,000 a year. In addition to the saw mills, factories of various kinds are found in all parts of the county. The woolen goods made at Oxford are known all over the world. Valuable freestone quarries are worked at Wallace, and large quantities of grindstones are shipped from Lower Cove. The fisheries of the county amount to about \$66,000 in annual value. Ship building is also

an important industry. Good harbors for shipment are found at Wallace, Pugwash and Parrsboro. The clearances from the latter port are about 14,000 tons a year.

The railway from Spring Hill Junction to Parrsboro, 33 miles, is owned by the Cumberland Railway and Coal Company, owners of the Spring Hill mines, and is an important feeder of the Intercolonial. Another railway, to run from Maccan station, on the Intercolonial, to the Joggins mines on the Bay of Fundy, is now under contract. Its length will be 11 miles, and it will be of material benefit not only to the Joggins mines, the second largest in the county, but to other coal mines which lie along its route.

COLCHESTER COUNTY.

The population of Colchester is about the same as that of Cumberland and it is like that county rich in agricultural resources. Truro, its chief town, situated at the head of Cobequid Bay is a very busy as well as a beautiful place. It has a population of over 4000, and its central position has given it a large trade. Among its industries are three last factories, two tanneries, two foundries, hat, shoe, shoe-peg and organ factories, saw mills and a milk-condensing establishment. The Provincial Normal and Model Schools are situated here.

One of the great industries of the county is found in the Londonderry Iron Works, at Acadian Mines. Iron ore is very abundant in Colchester, extending for fifty miles in the Cobequid Hills, and is of such excellent quality that only one kind of Swedish iron is superior to it for making steel. The works are operated by the Canada Steel Company which began operations with a capital of £400,000 sterling, and has carried on an extensive business for the last thirteen years. Both pig and bar iron are manufactured and a ready market is found for the total product in Canada. More than 52,000 tons of ore were mined in Londonderry in 1886. The land of the company includes nearly 40,000 acres on the Cobequid Hills as well as a coal property in Cumberland. In addition to the smelting furnaces, coke ovens and rolling mills, there is a foundry in which large quantities of car wheels, etc., are made.

Among the other mineral resources of Colchester are limestone, of which nearly 16,000 tons were quarried at Londonderry and Brookfield in 1885; manganese, mined at East Mountain; barytes, at Brookfield; copper, at Tatamagouche, and mineral paints at Londonderry, Onslow and Stewiacke.

As much as 46 bushels of wheat to the acre has been raised in Colchester, and other grains give splendid results. The county also produces large crops of hay, having the advantage of some good marshes. There are 1000 acres of dyked marsh on the Shubenacadie River, and 500 acres on the Stewiacke River.

Shipbuilding and lumbering are carried on to some extent in the county and the fisheries are also an important source of revenue.

PICTOU COUNTY.

Colchester, with its inexhaustible supplies of iron, has for its neighbors, the counties of Cumberland and Pictou, with their vast areas of coal. In the Pictou field, according to Sir William Logan, the famous geologist, there are 5567 feet of strata, containing 141 feet of coal, in 16 beds which vary in thickness from 3 to 34 feet. The output of four mines last year was 413,735 tons. The average for the last four years, however, is 466,110 tons, and the output in 1884 was over 511,000 tons. In addition to the ordinary bituminous coal, cannel coal has been found in several places, and has yielded 126 gallons of crude oil to the ton.

Three-fifths of the coal raised in Nova Scotia comes from Pictou and Cumberland.

The remainder is mined on the Island of Cape Breton. Coal mining has been carried on in the Province for about a hundred years, but the sales in 1785 were only 1688 tons, and it was not until about sixty years ago that work was begun on a large scale. Since then the trade has grown steadily so that the sales have increased from 12,600 tons in 1826 to 1,254,510 tons in 1885. The total amount raised in the latter year was 1,350,220. The total sales for the last hundred years have been 23,545,447 tons, and half of this amount has been raised in the last twelve years. It is only since 1880 that the sales have exceeded a million tons a year.

Pictou county has among its other mineral resources, iron, manganese, marble, building stone and barytes. Its fisheries are worth nearly \$200,000 a year, and it has foundries, glass-works, tobacco factories and all the ordinary industries common to the various counties of the Maritime Provinces. The chief towns are Pictou and New Glasgow. The former has a splendid harbor, the best on this coast, and does an extensive shipping and general business. The coal trade is, of course, a leading feature. The population is about 4000. New Glasgow is a town which has built some of the finest of the Nova Scotia ships. Its glass works, iron and steel works are among the prominent industries.

The soil of Pictou county is of good quality, and farming is carried on with profit. All the leading products of the soil are raised here. Wheat is cultivated with great success.

ANTIGONISH COUNTY.

This county is underlaid with coal though mining has not yet been carried on to any extent. It has also large deposits of gypsum, one cliff of this mineral, at Saint George's Bay, being 200 feet high. Nearly 100,000 tons of gypsum were exported from the Province last year. Antigonish has also building stone, marble, limestone and copper. Wheat and other crops are raised in large quantities. The village of Antigonish is the chief place in the county and has an excellent harbor. The fisheries of the county were worth \$109,000 to it last year.

Leaving Antigonish the Intercolonial runs through a portion of Guysboro county until it reaches the Strait of Canseau. Beyond this lies the Island of Cape Breton with its splendid harbors, valuable fisheries and wonderful deposits of coal. Guysboro is one of the leading fishing counties in the Province. Last year its fisheries amounted to nearly three quarters of a million dollars. Lobsters are caught in great quantities around the shore. The county has also several of the gold mines of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX COUNTY.

After passing through Colchester, on the main line, the Intercolonial passes through a small part of Hants county and enters the county of Halifax. The city of Halifax is the first part of this county to claim attention. A general idea of it is given in another part of these pages. It has a population of about 40,000 and is the fourth in size of the cities of Canada. It is also the deep-water terminus of the Intercolonial Railway, and has a grain elevator, built at the cost of \$100,000, with a capacity of 150,000 bushels. Its cotton factory has a capacity of 10,000 spindles and is called the finest in the Maritime Provinces. The Nova Scotia sugar refinery cost half a million dollars and it has a capacity of 2000 barrels a day. There is another large refinery in Dartmouth on the opposite side of the harbour. Halifax has also a marine railway, but the most important of the works around the harbor is the dry dock, now under construction. This will cost about a million dollars, and when completed, will accommodate the

largest ships afloat. This dock will not only be one of the great features of Halifax but will be a work of which all Canada may be proud.

The harbor of Halifax is well termed one of the finest in the world. The commercial interests of the city have always been most extensive, and shipping is always around its waters in craft of all kinds and of every nation which has a foreign trade. This harbor is six miles long with the average width of a mile, and it is not only a capacious sheet of water, but a very beautiful one.

As frequent reference has been made to the mines and minerals of the Province, it may be stated that over \$507,000 worth of products of the mine were exported from Halifax in the year 1885. This includes only a small part of the coal raised, for as before stated, much of this is carried by land over the Intercolonial Railway. The greater portion of the products sent from Halifax was nothing less than native gold. The value of this was a little less than \$398,000. Some of the most valuable mines are in Halifax county, and it was at Mooseland, east of Halifax city, that the first discovery of gold was made. The gold fields of the Province, which extend along this shore, are estimated to cover an area of some 3000 square miles. Much of the work done at the mines in the past, has, however, lacked system and there is every reason to believe that much greater results will be obtained in the future. The yield in 1885 was 22,203 ounces, the largest in any year since 1867. Since 1862, despite the desultory character of the mining, the gold extracted and accounted for to the government has been 389,180 ounces, valued at \$7,005,240.

The county of Halifax extends along the Atlantic coast nearly a hundred miles and has a number of fine harbors. Its fisheries are second in value only to the great fishing county of Lunenburg, and are valued at nearly a million dollars a year.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Only a passing glance can be given to this fair and fertile island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It has an area of 2133 square miles, and its soil yields the most abundant crops. Its potatoes are famous not only in Canada, but in the New England States, to which large quantities are exported. The oats, which are raised in even larger quantities, are greatly prized for their excellent qualities, and hundreds of dozens of eggs are sent out every year. The soil is well adapted to crops of all kinds, and is especially favorable to grasses. Some of the best of working horses are raised on the island and large numbers of these as well as of sheep are exported. Shipbuilding is one of the industries, and the value of the fisheries in 1885 was \$1,293,429. Among the products of the shores are immense quantities of excellent oysters, and the mud of the oyster and mussel beds is used as a fertilizer with surprising results.

The population of Prince Edward Island is about 110,000, and Charlottetown, the leading city, has about 12,000. A railway owned and operated by the Canadian Government runs from one end of the island to the other, a distance of nearly 200 miles. Communication is had by steamers with the other Maritime Provinces and the United States. The soil and climate are all that the farmer could desire, and land ready for working can be had at most reasonable rates.

The country through which the Intercolonial Railway passes, in Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island is not only a country abounding in the picturesque and beautiful, but it is one which in soil, climate and resources offers

every inducement to the settler. Its growth has been gradual and sure, and its great prosperity in the future is no mere dream, but an absolute certainty. It has none of the evils of the much vaunted lands of the Western States, and the settler who seeks its shores does not need to be a capitalist. It offers all the educational and religious advantages which the settler may possess in the land he leaves behind him, its laws offer security to all, it gives, in short, all the attractions of a new world, with all the privileges of an old one. It has room for all who come, and its welcome is as honest as it is free and hearty.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

HOTEL LIST.

The following list of principal hotels, with their capacity for the entertainment of guests so far as known, on the line of the Intercolonial Railway between Halifax and Quebec, is given for the information of tourists and the travelling public generally :

HALIFAX.			SHEDIAK.		
NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.	NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.
Halifax, . . .	H. Hesslein & Son, . . .	120	Weldon House, . .	J. D. Weldon, . . .	60
Queen, . . .	A. E. Sheraton, . . .	100	POINT DU CHENE.		
Waverly, . . .	Miss Romans	50	Point du Chene House, Geo. L. Hanington, .		50
BEDFORD.			MONCTON.		
Claremont House, H. B. Sellow,		40	Brunswick, . . .	Geo. McSweeney, . . .	100
Belle Vue, . . .	Thos. Beach,	40	Commercial, . . .	A. C. Jones,	100
PICTOU.			Queen,	Mrs. P. Gallagher, . .	30
New Revere,		60	PETITCODIAC.		
NEW GLASGOW.			Mansard House, . .	E. S. Ritchie,	30
Norfolk,	H. Murray,	100	ST. JOHN.		
Windsor,	C. McKenzie,	50	Royal,	T. F. Raymond, . . .	125
Vendome,	D. McDermid,	90	Dufferin,	F. A. Jones	100
AMHERST.			Waverly,	D. McCormack,	100
Terrace Hotel, . .	W. J. Hamilton, . . .	35	New Victoria, . .	D. W. McCormack . . .	125
Lamays,	Davis Calhoun, . . .	40	Park,	W. Conway,	80
SACKVILLE.			Clarendon, . . .	M. E. & W. B. Ganong	40
Brunswick House, G. B. Eastbrooks & Sons		40	Belmont,	A. N. Donaldson, . . .	40
DORCHESTER.			CHATHAM.		
Dorchester House, Geo. F. Wallace, . . .		70	Bowser's,	Mrs. Bowser,	—
Weldon House, . .	D. McDonald,	50	Metropolitan, . .	— Jardine,	—
Hillsdale House, .	S. S. Nickerson, . . .	30	Canada House, . .	W. J. Johnson,	—
			NEW CASTLE.		
			Waverly,	A. Stewart,	75
			Exchange,	J. F. Jardine,	10
			Union,	Mrs. Desmond,	10

BATHURST.

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.
Keany's, . . .	T. F. Keany, . . .	60
Carter's, . . .	J. T. Carter, . . .	15
Albert House, .	Mrs. Grant, . . .	15

JACQUET RIVER.

Barclay's, . . .	W. Barclay, . . .	60
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DALHOUSIE.

Murphy's, . . .	— Murphy, . . .	50
Thomson's, . .	Mrs. Thomson, . .	20
Delaney's, . . .	— Delaney, . . .	20
Inch Arran House,		200
Phillips', . . .	Miss Phillips, . . .	—

CAMPBELLTON.

Lansdowne, . .	D. W. Doherty, . .	25
Royal, . . .	J. Sproule, . . .	25
West's, . . .	J. West, . . .	25
O'Keeffe's, . .	H. O'Keeffe, . . .	25

LITTLE METIS.

Turriff Hall, . .	R. Turriff, . . .	150
Sea-Side House, .	W. Astle, . . .	180
Turriff's, . . .	Wm. Turriff, . . .	40
Cascade, . . .	J. T. Macnider, . .	80
Roy's, . . .	A. Roy, . . .	20

RIMOUSKI.

Rimouski, . .	Frs. St. Laurent, . .	40
St. Lawrence, .	A. S. St. Laurent, . .	40

BIC.

Bic House, . .	Mrs. Deschere, . .	30
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TROIS PISTOLES.

NAME OF HOTEL.	PROPRIETOR.	No. GUESTS.
Dery's, . . .	David Dery, . . .	—

RIVIERE DU LOUP.

Larochelles, . .	Cormier & Dionne, . .	50
Fraserville, . .	Jos. Deslauriers, . .	20

RICHIBUCTO.

The Beaches, . .	E. E. Phair, . . .	75
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CACOUNA.

St. Lawrence Hall, Shipman,	600
Mansion House, . Goudreau,	100

KAMOURASKA.

St. Louis, . . .	Mrs. A. Gagné, . . .	20
Beaubien's, . .	Mrs. Beaubien, . . .	40
Beaupré's, . . .	Lewis Beaupré, . . .	30

ST. THOMAS.

Bernier's, . . .	F. X. Bernier, . . .	20
Letourneau's, .	Louis Letourneau, . .	25
Coté's, . . .	Mrs. C. Coté, . . .	10

POINT LEVI.

Victoria, . . .	Wm. Tofield, . . .	100
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QUEBEC.

St. Louis, . . .	W. Russell, Manager, .	350
Russell House, .	W. Russell,	200
Dominion, . . .	J. Poitras,	100
Mountain Hill House, E. Dion,		50
Blanchard's, . .	Capt. N. Pelletier, . .	50
The Florence,		75

CANADIAN RATES OF POSTAGE.

On letters within the Dominion, 3 cents per half ounce each. Letters paid less than one rate will not be forwarded; others short paid are taxed double deficient postage.

City delivery.—Not exceeding half oz., 1 cent; not exceeding 1 oz., 2 cents. When posted unpaid will be sent to dead letter office.

To Great Britain—Letter rate 5 cents per half ounce. Postal Cards 2 cents each; Newspapers under 4 oz., 2 cents.

Newspapers and Periodicals.—Transient Newspapers and Periodicals to places in Canada, Newfoundland and United States, 1 cent per four ounces. Newspapers less than one oz., ½ cent each.

Parcels.—To any place in Dominion 6 cents per four ounces. Parcels must not exceed 5 pounds in weight.

Circulars, Books, Pamphlets, Manuscripts, Engravings, Music, Botanical Specimens, &c., 1 cent per four ounces for each packet. Books, Music, &c., must be put up open at both ends.

Patterns and Samples of Merchandise, 1 cent per 4 oz. Limit of weight, 24 oz. Samples to the U. S. not to exceed 8 oz., postage on which is 10 cents.

Limit of weight for Books, Newspapers, Documents, &c., is 4 lbs. 6 oz., and limit of size 24 inches in length by 12 in depth or breadth. Limit for samples 8½ oz., and size 8 long and 4 deep. These apply to all Postal union destinations.

Post Cards one cent each. Post Bands 2 cents. Reply or double Post Cards 2 cents each.

Money Orders issued and paid from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Money Orders.—On orders drawn in any Money Order Office on any other Office in Canada.

over \$ 4	"	10	2c.
" 10	"	20	10c.
" 20	"	40	20c.
" 40	"	60	30c.
" 60	"	80	40c.
" 80	"	100	50c.

Money Orders issued and paid from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Letters registered to any part of the Dominion, 2 cents each.

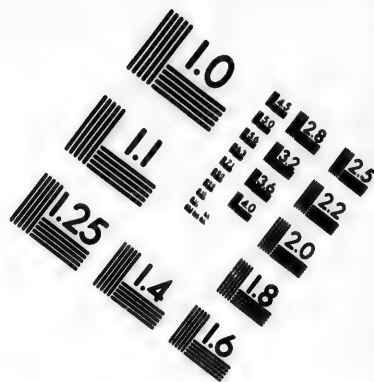
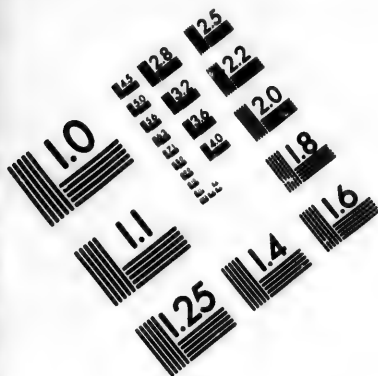
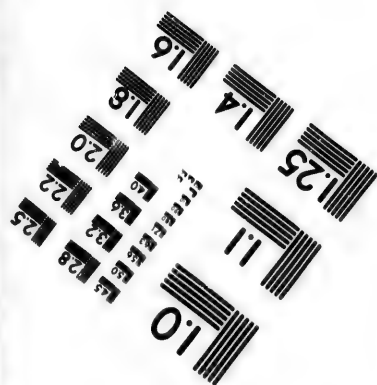
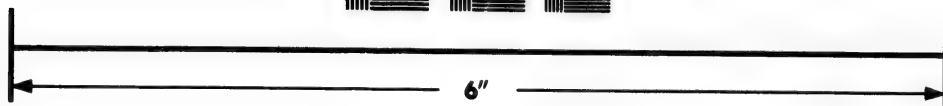
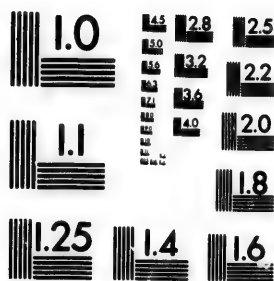


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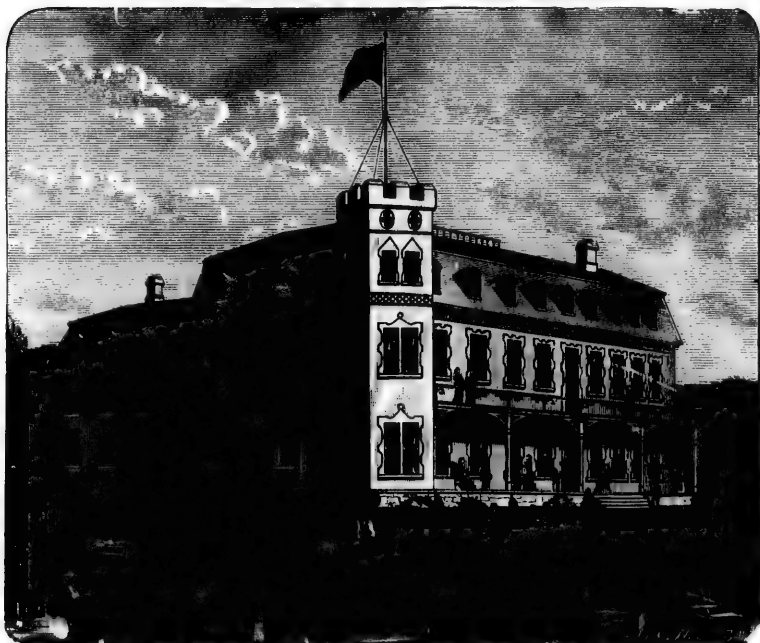
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(716) 872-4503

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CANADA'S HEALTHIEST SUMMER RESORT, DALHOUSIE, NEW BRUNSWICK.

Open annually from June 15th to September 15th.



THE INCH ARRAN HOUSE.

Patronized by His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, as well as the leading families of the Dominion.



HIS FINE HOTEL, situated at the head of the Baie des Chaleurs, was erected in 1884, and enlarged in 1887, to double its former capacity. Improvements have also been made, and conveniences introduced, so that guests have now all the comforts of a city hotel in addition to the enjoyments to be found at a seaside resort. The sanitary arrangements are perfect. Pure water, thorough drainage, water closets of modern style on each floor, and bath-rooms supplied with hot, cold and salt water.

No place on this continent possesses more attractions for Tourists and Health Seekers than Dalhousie and its environs.

The Hotel stands within a few yards of the shore, facing the open sea. A carriage drive only separates its broad covered verandas from a sandy beach, half a mile in extent, where bathing can be enjoyed with safety by the youngest, at high or low tide. The gradual slope of the sandy beach makes it specially favorable for swimming.

In addition to the attractions of the sea, the Hotel is surrounded by some of the

FINEST SCENERY IN THE DOMINION.

The views from the grounds surrounding the Hotel, from Dalhousie Mountain behind it, and from Tragadigash Mountain on the opposite shore of the Bay, and the Sugar Loaf Mountain, near Campbellton are among the finest in the world.

The fishing and shooting to be obtained in this neighborhood are unequalled in America.

The fishing and trout fishing can be had in rivers leased by the Hotel.

In the immediate vicinity of the Hotel, there are magnificent trout and salmon rivers, whilst the surrounding country embraces the far-famed Restigouche and Metapedia rivers (at the junction of which stands the Lodge of the Restigouche Salmon Club of New York); Causapscal, the fishing ground of her Royal Highness the Princess Louise; and the Cascapedia, the favorite fishing-resort of His Excellency the Governor-General.

Communication to all points of interest is easy, either by Railway or by Steamer. Dalhousie is the terminus for the steambot, which runs to Gaspé, calling at all ports on the Baie des Chaleurs.

The walks and drives in the neighborhood of the Hotel are extremely beautiful, and the roads are excellent. Boating can be enjoyed in perfection, and with entire safety.

The Hotel is provided with the usual out-door amusements, and also with a Billiard Room and a Bowling Alley.

THE INCH ARRAN HOUSE is about one mile distant from the Dalhousie Station of the Intercolonial Railway. Fare by Carriage from the Station to the Hotel, 25 cents.

There is a Livery Stable on the premises.

The following is the scale of prices at the INCH ARRAN:—

Per Month,	from \$40 to \$50,	according to location of room.
Per Week,	from 10 to 15,	" " " "
Per Day,	from 2 to 3,	" " " "

Reasonable rates for children and servants.

For further information address **P. O. Box 870, Montreal, P. Q. Canada**; or during the season from June 15th to September 15th, **The Inch Arran House, Dalhousie, N. B. Canada.**

The "Long Branch" of New Brunswick.

NEW SUMMER HOTEL,

THE BEACHES

RICHIBUCTO, N. B.



THE attention of tourists and pleasure seekers is particularly requested to the new and spacious first-class Summer Hotel which has been recently erected in the charming little town of Richibucto and which will be ready for the reception of guests about the middle of June, 1887. No pains or expense have been spared to make this hotel, in all its appointments as a summer resort, the finest and most complete in the Dominion. The hotel and furniture will be all new and of the most modern style, and the rooms will be large and airy with all the latest improvements, including Hot and Cold Salt Water Baths in the house, and for those who prefer the luxury of out-door bathing, commodious bathing houses will be erected on the beach where salt water bathing can always be enjoyed in a delightful temperature during the summer months. Spacious Ball and Music Rooms, Billiard Hall, Bowling Alleys, Air-gun Gallery, Hand-ball Court, Pigeon Trap Shooting, Lawn Tennis Court, Croquet Lawn, Base Ball and Cricket Grounds, and Merry-go-round and Swings for the children. Special attention will be paid to the *cuisine* and no effort will be spared to make the guests comfortable. There will be a first-class Livery Stable, completely equipped, connected with the hotel. Saddle horses, Buck-board waggons, &c., &c. The walks and drives in the vicinity are varied and romantic through a section of country which cannot be surpassed for natural beauty and picturesque grandeur. One of the most attractive drives is to the village of St. Louis, situated seven miles from Richibucto, which can be reached either by rail or waggon. It is a famous Faith-Cure resort. The Crucifixion Grotto and Church, beautiful in design and exquisitely frescoed, are attractive features of this locality.

Richibucto possesses a salubrious climate and with its fresh sea breezes, sunny days and cool nights, is remarkably healthy.

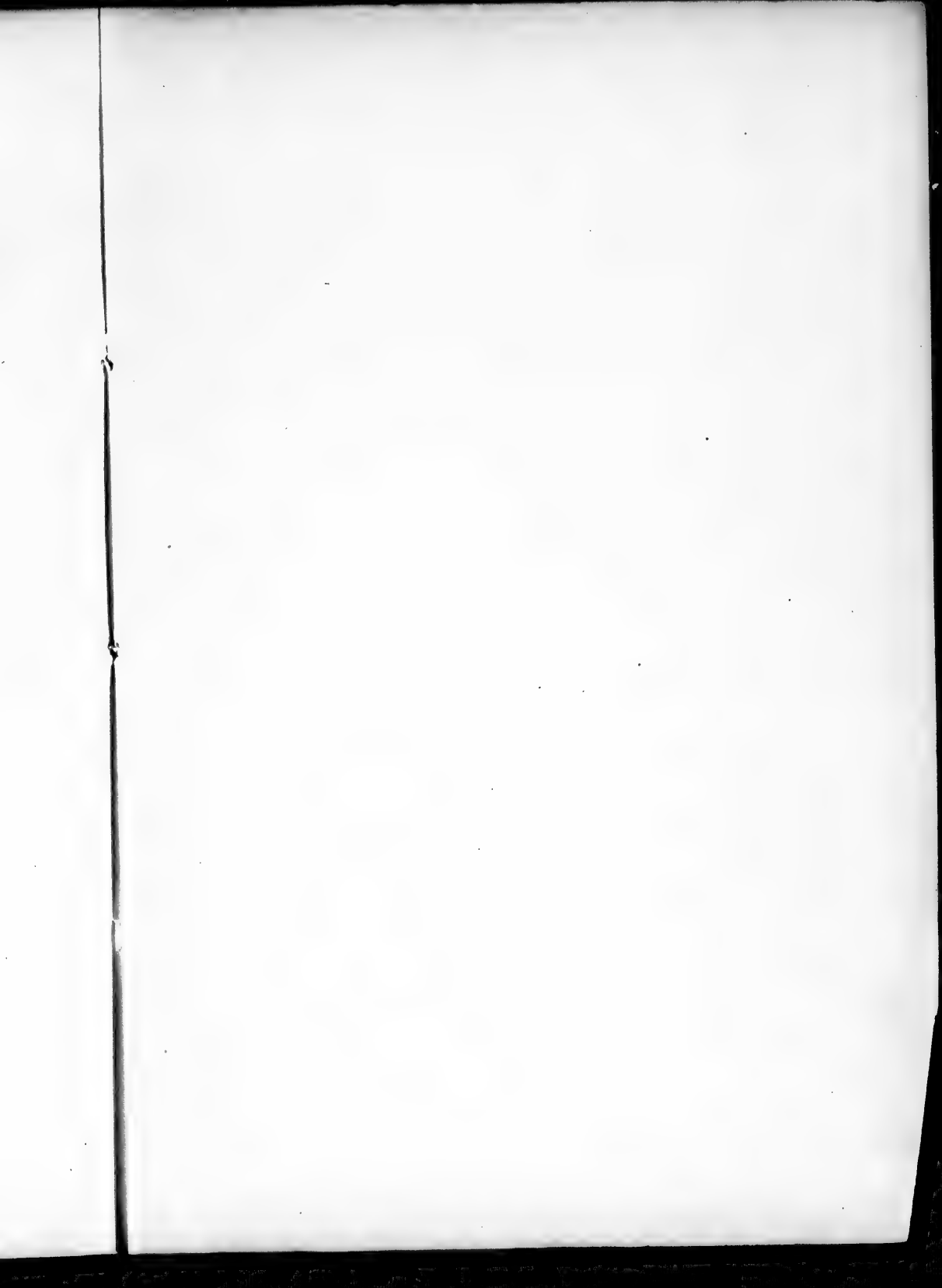
This is the beau-ideal of a sportsman's resort where Duck, Brant, Wild Goose, Plover and Partridge abound, and the Trout and deep sea fishing cannot be excelled. Steam Yachts, Sailing and Row-boats will be kept for the accommodation of guests. The harbor is capacious and sheltered so that those who enjoy yachting and rowing can gratify their nautical tastes with absolute safety.

The Kent Northern Railway trains connect with all Intercolonial Railway Express trains for Richibucto.

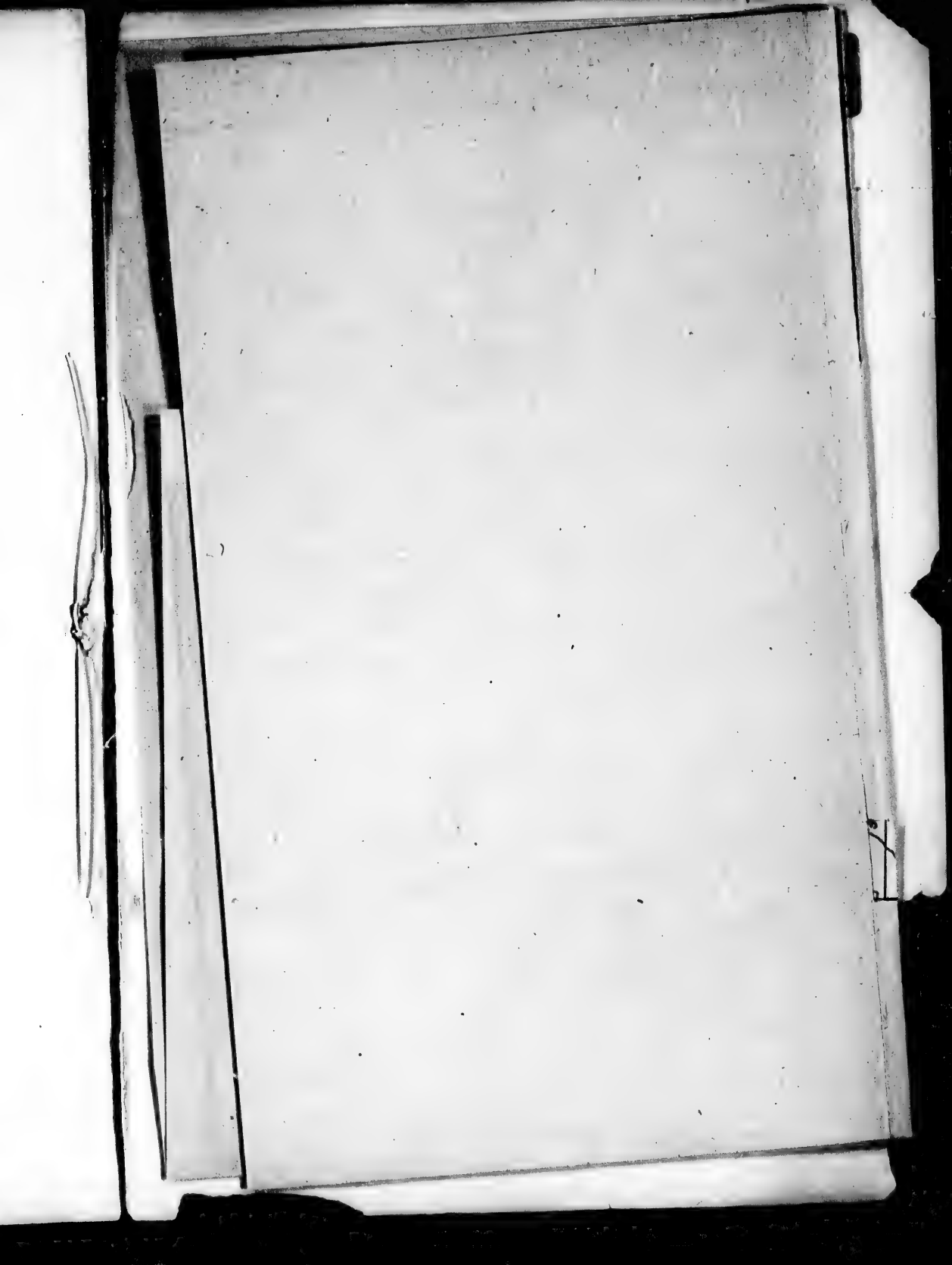
Ask Ticket Agents for excursion tickets to the "BEACHES" at Richibucto.

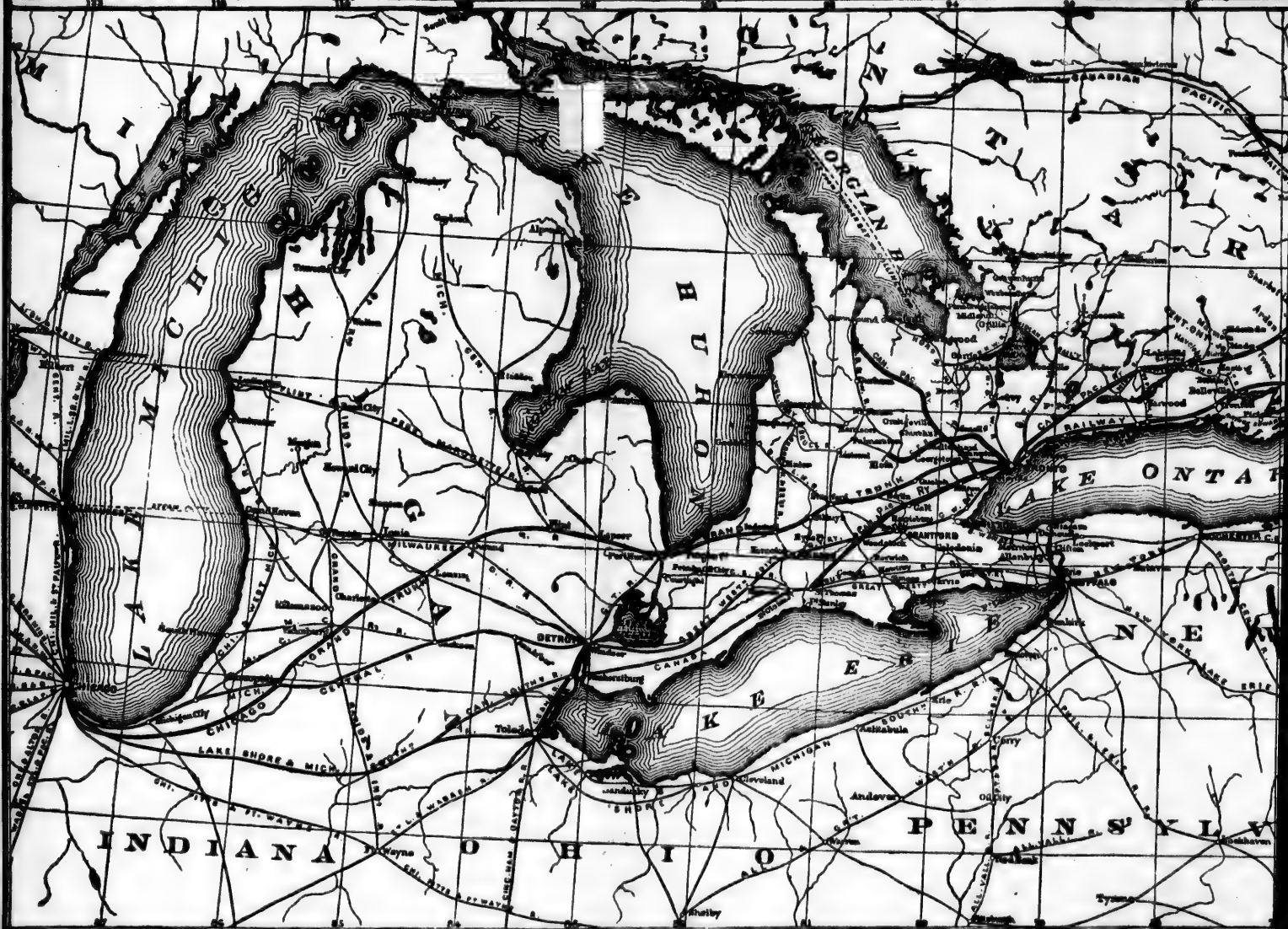
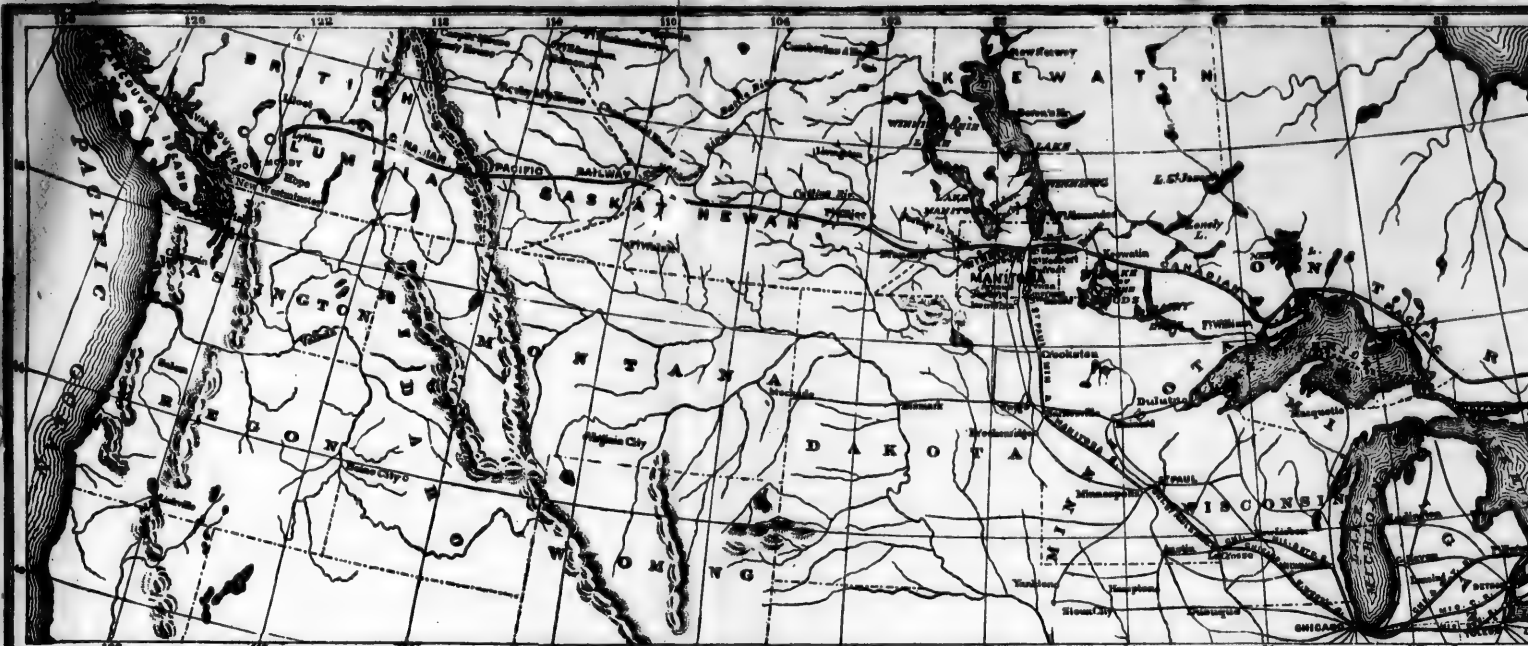
For rates and other information apply to

E. E. PHAIR, Supt. K. N. R'y,
Richibucto, N. B.

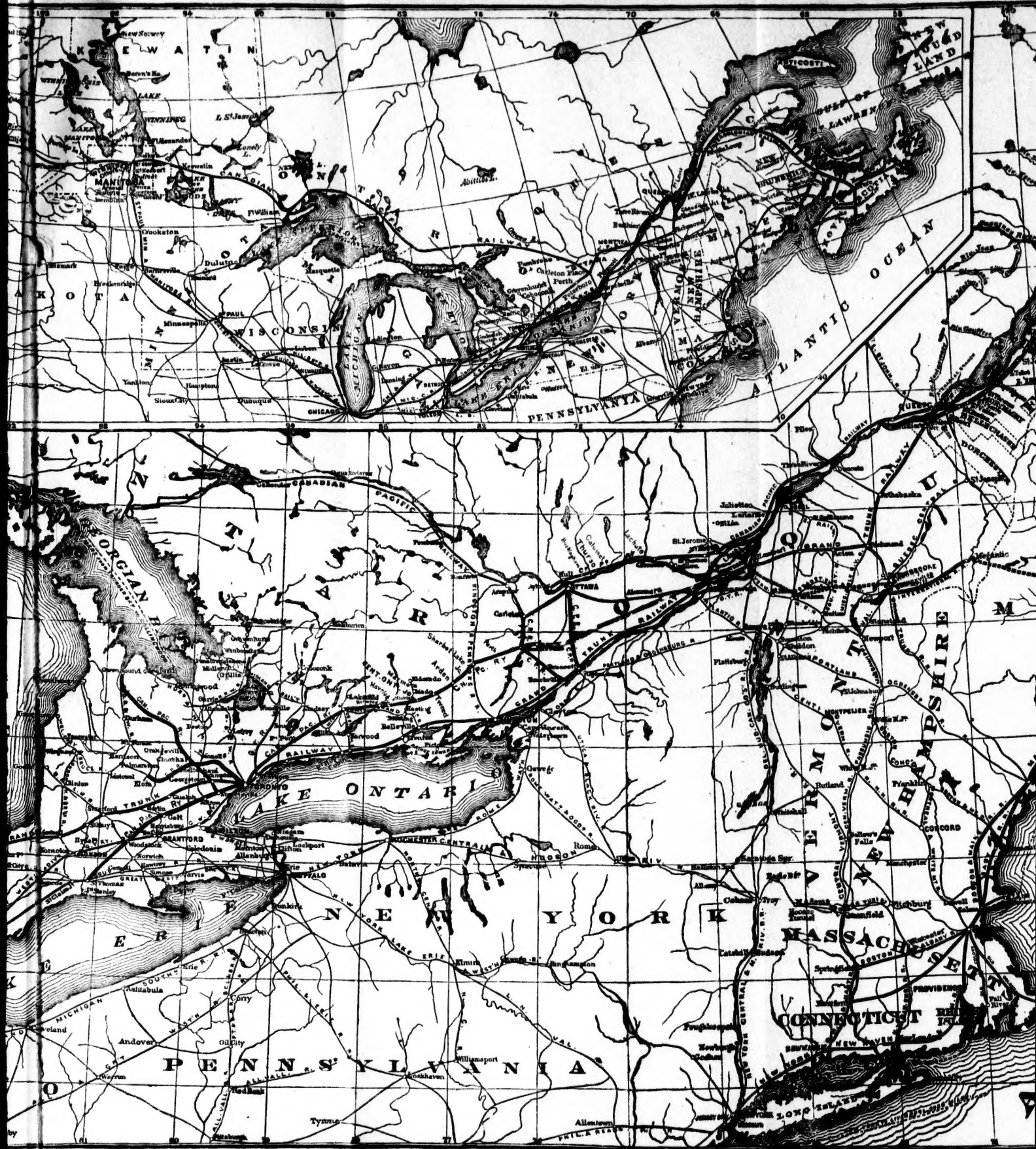


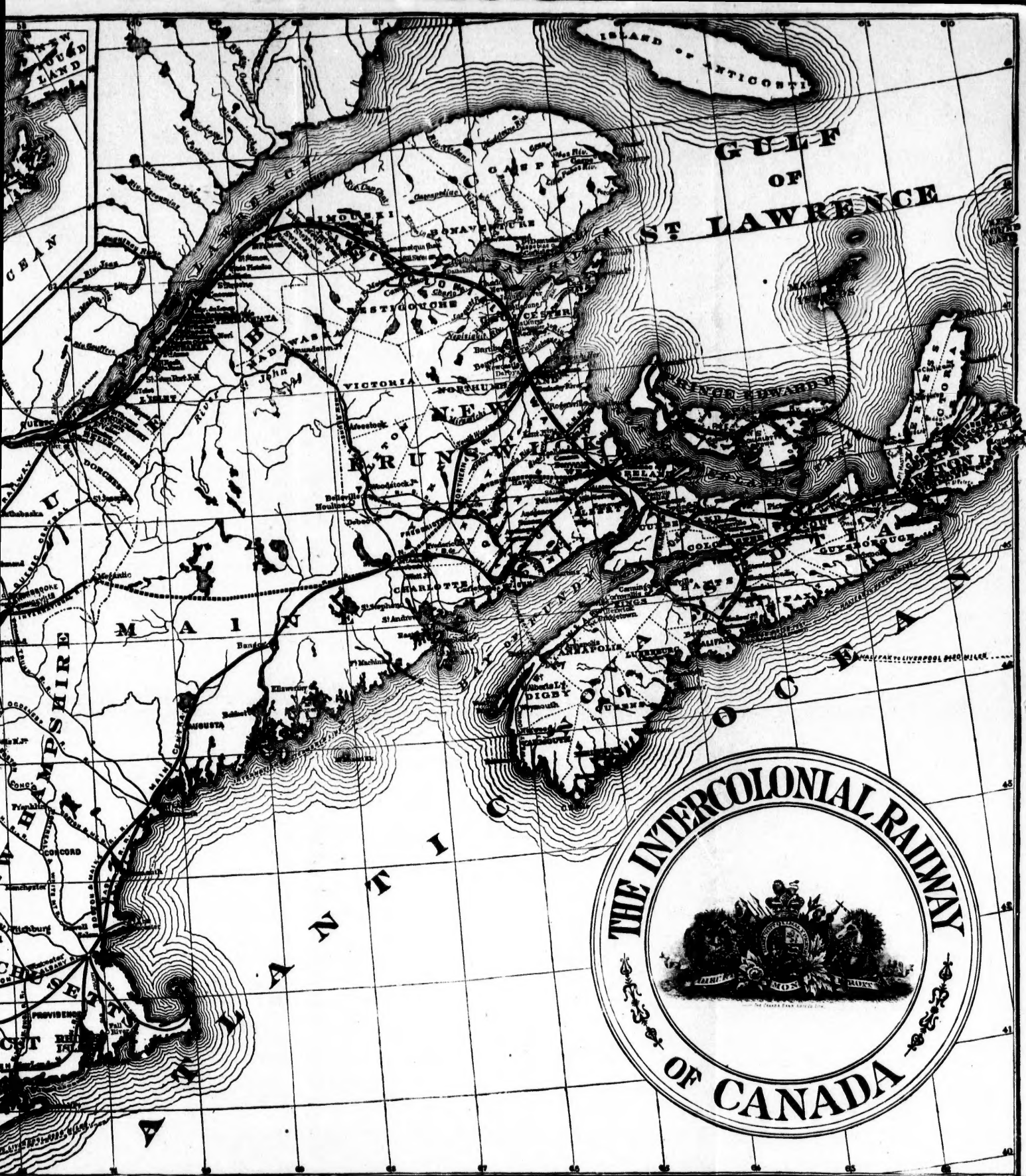












The INTERCOLONIAL RY. 

FOR ALL THE SUMMER,
SEA BATHING,
AND FISHING
RESORTS
of CANADA

